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THE MODERN MAN-AT-ARMS: LIKE A FAMILIAR OF THE INQUISITION—A BRITISH SOLDIER IN THE NEW GAS-MASK.

One of the strangest results of the war has been its effect upon the appearance of the modern fighting man, when equipped in full scientific panoply. Thus we have seen the reversion to helmets, the use of skin-coats in winter, and the bomber's novel outfit. But the weirdest effect of all is that produced by the wearing of anti-gas respirators, or masks, which make the soldier look like a Familiar of the Spanish Inquisition, with pointed hood and sinister eye-pieces. Our photograph shows the new mask against asphyxiating gases that has been supplied to the British troops in France. The valve in front will be noticed. It may be recalled that a German war-correspondent, describing the battle of Loos, said: "Behind the fourth gas-and-smoke cloud there suddenly emerged Englishmen in thick lines and storming columns. They rose suddenly from the earth, wearing smoke-masks over their faces, and looking not like soldiers but like devils." The scene was illustrated in our issue of October 30.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

LIFE IN THE MOTOR-BOAT RESERVE.

(See Illustrations on Pages 762, 763.)

THE nation can take legitimate pride in the adaptability shown by the Navy and Army in meeting the tremendous emergencies of the war. The comparative ease and rapidity with which either Service has absorbed the new material necessary to expansion without succumbing, as it were, to indigestion, is quite astonishing. Not the least problem to be solved has been the allocation to suitable duties of the new material thus acquired. This has been peculiarly difficult in the sea service, for the *personnel* of the Navy constitutes a very highly trained, professional body of scientific skill. A Naval officer cannot be produced in a few months, and it is the same with the rank and file. It is far easier to turn out a soldier than a sailor at short notice.

Fortunately, there were one or two reserves available upon which the Navy was quick to draw. One was the fishing fleet, whose invaluable work in mine-sweeping and other auxiliary services is now well known, or should be. Another was the considerable number of amateur yachtsmen, more particularly those accustomed to motor-boats and all kinds of petrol-driven craft. Soon after the outbreak of war the Admiralty formed a Motor-Boat section of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Owners of suitable boats were invited to place their craft at the disposal of the Admiralty, and commissions were offered to yachtsmen of known practical experience and adequate seamanship. The response was immediate, practically all the owners of motor-boats which were up to the standard laid down patriotically making over their craft to the Naval authorities for the duration of the war. Many yachtsmen offered their personal services, delighted to be able thus to apply their special knowledge and qualifications to the service of the Navy. Suitable crews were recruited from yacht-hands and such seafaring men as were not already absorbed into the mine-sweeping fleet and other branches of the Royal Naval Reserve, or engaged in the Mercantile Marine.

In this way the nucleus of the Motor-Boat Reserve was formed. It has already done useful service; and, with the gradual expansion of the *personnel*, it promises to play a yet more valuable part. When, if ever, that fascinating story, the inner history of the Royal Navy during the Great War, comes to be written, an interesting, if relatively small, section will be that devoted to the activities of the Motor-Boat Reserve.

The duties of a motor-boat are multifarious, ranging from the humble ones of a "bumboat" upward. The smaller craft, of the type mostly furnished by private owners at the outset of the war, are employed at one or other of the naval bases as despatch-boats and general utility vessels. They are, as it were, "mauds-of-all-work" at the beck and call of all and sundry in authority. They fetch and carry, bear orders to vessels which are to proceed to sea and are not provided with the ordinary signalling facilities; round up a buoy, a dinghy, or a spar which has gone adrift; convey officers engaged on special duty to and fro from point to point—in short, make themselves generally useful. At any naval base, one or more may be seen lying alongside the depôt-ship awaiting orders, or proceeding busily about its work in the crowded fideway. Such duties may not be glorious or exciting, but they are necessary, as the ceaselessness of the motor-boats' activities indicates. Indeed, their commanders would probably testify unhesitatingly to the "sleeplessness" of the Navy.

But these are the small fry. The larger boats of sea-going capacity have heavier duties to perform. As patrol-vessels they release more important units for other work, and their ubiquity has been invaluable in the anti-submarine campaign. If the Motor-Boat Reserve cannot, so far, claim a German submarine "scalp" of its very own—that would have been hitherto expecting almost too much—at least it has the satisfaction of knowing that it has more than once been instrumental in effecting the capture or destruction of the furtive foe. A patrol-vessel has on occasion received information as to the whereabouts and course of a submarine recently sighted; and such information, conveyed at all speed to the proper quarter, has resulted in the laying of a pack of lean destroyers upon the quarry's trail.

Attendance on transports is another duty that sometimes falls to the lot of the Motor-Boat Reserve, which can thus claim a small share in that remarkable but unspectacular feat accomplished by the Navy—the safe convoying to and fro across the Channel of innumerable quantities of men, munitions, and material for the war.

Though the Motor-Boat service is in the main an ancillary one, it does not escape the risks of war. In the case of the sea-going boats there is the ever-present menace of the enemy submarine, to say nothing of the hostile aeroplane which appears suddenly in the sky overhead and drops its literal "bolts from the blue." Dangers which arise from the sea itself, not being directly traceable to war conditions, attract less notice; but it will be apparent that the motor-boat, in winter especially, incurs considerable peril from heavy weather. Moreover, the exigencies of Naval service negative the caution which a prudent yachtsman might ordinarily indulge; and conditions at sea may easily have to be faced, in obedience to orders, which at other times would be regarded as hazardous to the point of impossibility.

And, of course, there is the Zeppelin danger, from which the motor-boat is no more exempt than any other unit of the fleet. A naval base is a tempting objective for an enemy airship; and if the Zeppelin commanders have so far been singularly unsuccessful in inflicting damage upon the Navy, it has not been for lack of an occasional attempt. Luckily for the motor-boat, which may find herself in the midst of a Zeppelin firework display, she is a very small mark, and unless a bomb should fall plump on to her, or in very close proximity indeed, she has excellent chances of escape.

DR. E. J. DILLON.

We regret very much that we are unable to give this week an article by Dr. Dillon, as announced. Unfortunately, the Censor has not passed this week's contribution for publication. Dr. Dillon, as we noted in our last issue, is writing a special article for us weekly; and we hope to give one in our next issue.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SAMPLES." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

"SAMPLES" is the name, and the right name, for the revue Mr. Harry Grattan has prepared for the Playhouse, where now you may smoke and imagine yourself—as, indeed, you are—at one of the variety theatres. There are samples of many things in this revue—samples of scenery, including a view of Honolulu; samples from other programmes, imitated or burlesqued; samples of pretty women and gay tunes; samples of up-to-date magic, as a result of which you have a "comedy of errors" between twins and their stage wives which proves the most laughable of deceptions. Two Brothers Terry and two Sisters Bryan assist in thus bemusing the audience, and deserve the compliment of first mention in any account of the merits of the performance. Mr. Melville Gideon crooning over his piano-haunting rag-time melodies; Miss Marie Blanche, singing as well as any musical-comedy star songs of the sentimental pattern, such as "When I Leave the World Behind," and figuring as a grown-up Peter Pan; Miss Ida Rene, Mr. Bert Coote, and Miss Monica Bevan all do their share towards contributing "samples" to a very agreeable and go-as-you-please entertainment.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It is the romance that is emphasised; it is the story you will enjoy in the latest revival of "The Merchant of Venice." The old stage-business is good enough for Mr. Matheson Lang's company, and you need not expect too many signs of Ghetto origins and racial peculiarities about the new Shylock. Breezy straightforwardness, brisk pace, bold contrasts of colour—these are the features of the rendering now offered at the St. James's; not novelty in the way of readings; not insistence on analytical subtleties or spiritual problems; not overmuch concern with poetry or any reading of the note of tragedy. If you are wise, you will be grateful that the grand old tale gets itself told so well, that there are no *longueurs*, no irksome delays produced by interval or pantomime or procession. In keeping with the tone of the revival, Mr. Lang's Shylock is picturesque rather than majestic; you see things happening to him rather than in him; a splendid voice gives pognancy to his appeals; but there are few reserves about this Jew; he is a romantic, not a tragic figure. So, again, Miss Hutin Britton's Portia is a very merry creature, full of shrewd common-sense as well as fun; but there is no dreaminess about her love, and little of the grande dame in her manner. But with these players and their helpers—Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. Vibart, and Mr. Babil Holloway—on the stage, the play is moving all the time, and interesting all the time, and it has not always been possible to say that much of "Merchant" performances.

PIPER LAIDLAW.

WITH reference to the double-page drawing in our last Number of the heroic action of Piper Daniel Laidlaw at Loos, for which he was awarded the V.C., we have received from him the following letter. We much regret the error that he points out, which was due to a misunderstanding on the part of our representative who visited him, and we gladly publish the correction:—

Lord Derby War Hospital, Ward 9, B West,
Warrington, Dec. 5, 1915.

SIR,—Having seen the illustrated paper to-day, I must give you credit for the picture. Only there is one great mistake you have made about it, which is that it was not "The Flowers of the Forest" that I played, but "Blue Bonnets over the Border." Has someone told you that I played "The Flowers of the Forest"? If so, they are quite wrong. "The Flowers of the Forest" is our Funeral March, so you can see it does not fit the picture at all. Hoping you can see your way to make the alteration.—Yours truly,

PIPER D. LAIDLAW,
V.C.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Christmas Number of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS *is out of print, so far as our own publishing office is concerned; but a few copies can still be obtained at the bookstalls and at newsagents'.*

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES *and* PHOTOGRAPHS *sent to* THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, *especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.*

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ALTHOUGH the British Empire is at war, its boys and girls still want books to read, and the publishers continue to supply the demand. All the books are, of course, illustrated, mostly in colour. If the crop of new books this season is not quite as large, perhaps, as it used to be in times of peace, there is no falling off in quality. Perhaps the most popular of all types of book for young people is the story of stirring adventure, or that of school life. Of this sort we have received a good number. In "Ian Hardy, Senior Midshipman" (Seeley, Service), Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N., continues a step further the career of his naval hero, already recounted in his previous books, "Ian Hardy, Naval Cadet," and "Ian Hardy, Midshipman." "The Nameless Island," by Percy F. Westerman (Pearson), is, as described in the sub-title, "a story of some modern Robinson Crusoes." The phrase conveys a world of suggestion which indicates its character. "The King's Double," by E. E. Cowper (S.P.C.K.), is a story of Cavaliers and Roundheads, and of the escape of Charles II. after Worcester—a *milieu* always productive of a good story. The history that is being made to-day, however, will eclipse all previous periods as a setting for books both of fact and fiction. These two elements are curiously intertwined in a little story by Nellie Pollock—"More Belgian Playmates" (Gay and Hancock). Between the adventures of some little Belgian refugees in England are interspersed slices of history of the Great War quite unconnected with the tale—not a bad way of luring children to serious interest in the war. "The School of Arms," by Ascott R. Hope (Routledge), is a collection of stories of boy soldiers and sailors, in which facts of history at various places and periods are given a romantic setting. "Deal Woods," by Latta Griswold (New York: Macmillan), is a tale of American school life. Like "Treasure Island," it has a map at the beginning giving the scene of the adventures related. It is a map of Deal, not that on the Kentish shore, but a Deal facing the Atlantic. "My Lord of Reading," by Gertrude Hollis (S.P.C.K.), is not connected with the career of the present Lord Chief Justice. It is an historical story of Reading Abbey in the days of Henry VIII. and the dissolution of the monasteries, and "the Lord of Reading" in this case is that Abbot, Hugh Faringdon, who died a martyr's death in front of his own Abbey. "Plain Deb," by Lucy M. Parker (S.P.C.K.), as may be guessed from its title, belongs to the category of domestic fiction, and is, perhaps, rather suited to girls than to boys. Another book for older girls (and "grown-ups") is "Dear Enemy," by Jean Webster (Hodder and Stoughton), which is written in the form of letters, describing the heroine's experiences in managing a New York orphanage.

For the more studious-minded of young readers a good series of books, amply illustrated in colour and line, is published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons. It includes "Glorious Battles of English History," by Major C. H. Wylly, with a foreword by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; "Children's Stories from Scott," by Doris Ashley; "Children's Stories from the Northern Legends" and "Children's Stories from the Poets," both the two latter by Dorothy Belgrave and Hilda Hart.

Next we have a number of annuals, which always provide a good store of interesting reading for the young people. Such are Volume X. (1915) of the *Scout*, the well-known organ of the Boy Scouts (Pearson). This will, no doubt, have thousands of readers. Another is "Chatterbox" (Wells, Gardner, Darton), a very old favourite that is as popular as ever. Also there is a new volume from the same house called "Chatterbox News Box," which gives a good deal of historical and other information bearing on the war. A similar annual for rather younger readers is "The Prize, for Girls and Boys," 1915 (Wells, Gardner), containing stories, natural history chapters, and verses. Another favourite volume for younger children is "Father Tuck's Annual" (Raphael Tuck), which is, as usual, full of little stories and verses and pretty illustrations.

"The Wonder Book of Empire for Boys and Girls," edited by Harry Golding (Ward, Lock), as its title indicates, tells of the manifold marvels of Nature and of human art in all the lands that own the sway of the King. The illustrations, mostly from photographs, are excellent and abundant, while the letterpress is brightly written in a style rather easier and less formal than that of a school history.

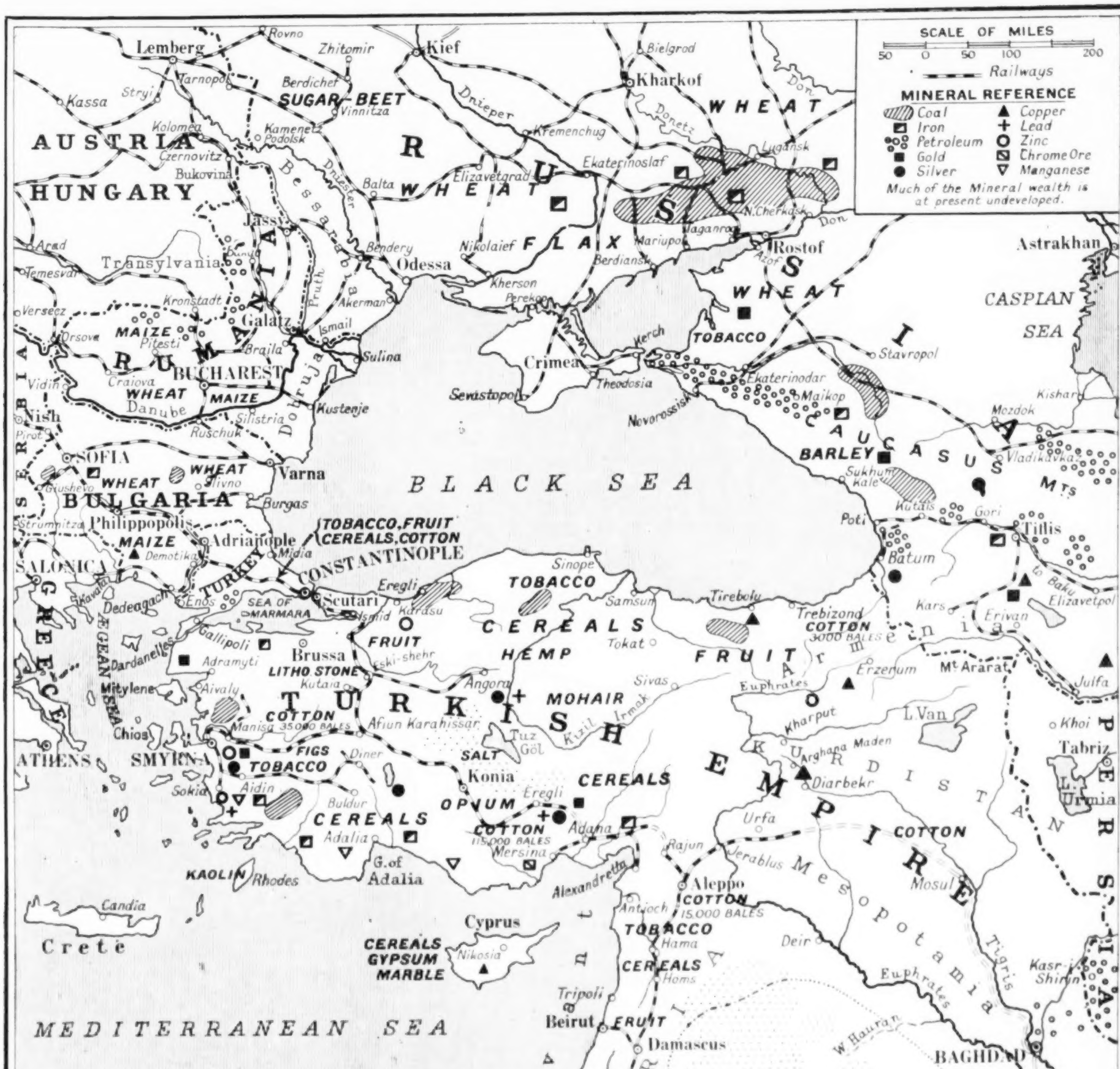
Now we come to books for very young readers, and even for some inmates of the nursery who, perhaps, cannot read at all. For the former, one attractive volume is "Tell-Me-Why Stories about Animals," by C. H. Claudy (Harrap). Another is "The Wonder Book," a Picture Annual for Boys and Girls (Ward, Lock), which should be a great favourite, for it is full of things that are sure to please them.

There are some very charming books for children entirely in verse, with illustrations. A really delightful example is "Little People," rhymes by R. H. Elkin, with illustrations by H. Willebeek le Mair, the artist whose nursery books published a year or two ago entitled her to rank with Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott. The present colour-plates are, perhaps, better still.

A new style of illustration in the form of photographs of a real child—and very charming they are—is used in "A Child's Day," a book of rhyme, by Walter de la Mare, with pictures by Carine and Will Cadby (Constable). In "Songs for Little People," by Norman Gale (Constable), the author has aimed at a happy medium between the style of Stevenson's verses for children and "frankly babyish song-books." The drawings are by Helen Stratton. "Morals for the Young," by Marcus, is illustrated by George Morrow, with a foreword by William J. Locke (John Lane). Remembering that Mr. Locke is the author of "The Morals of Marcus," we may conclude he knows something of the authorship of these verses. They are rather in the vein of Hilaire Belloc's "Cautionary Tales for Children," and both verse and drawings are very amusing. The juvenile morals of Marcus may implant a seed of cynicism in the nursery. For instance—

Don't skate until the ice will bear,
To test it take the greatest care.
Send on a little girl to try:
She may be drowned, but you are dry.

NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE NEAR EAST: DISTRIBUTION OF PRODUCTS.



SHOWING WHERE COTTON IS GROWN IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE, AND OTHER GEOGRAPHICAL FACTS OF MILITARY IMPORTANCE: A MAP OF NATURAL PRODUCTS OF THE NEAR EAST, INCLUDING THE CAUCASUS, MESOPOTAMIA, SYRIA, AND EGYPT.

The progress of the war has shown that the possession of great resources in various natural products, such, particularly, as grain, cotton, copper, iron, coal, and oil, is a requisite of vital importance for the achievement of ultimate victory. Our map indicates the geographical distribution of these and other useful resources in the countries of the Near East, surrounding the Black Sea and the Eastern Mediterranean—regions which have become just now the chief centre of interest in the war. It should be pointed out that, while the names of cereals and other vegetable products are written on the map, the minerals are indicated by various signs, according to the code inset in the right-hand top corner.

FROM HOME; GALLIPOLI; SERBIA; AND GERMANY: CAMERA WAR-NOTES.

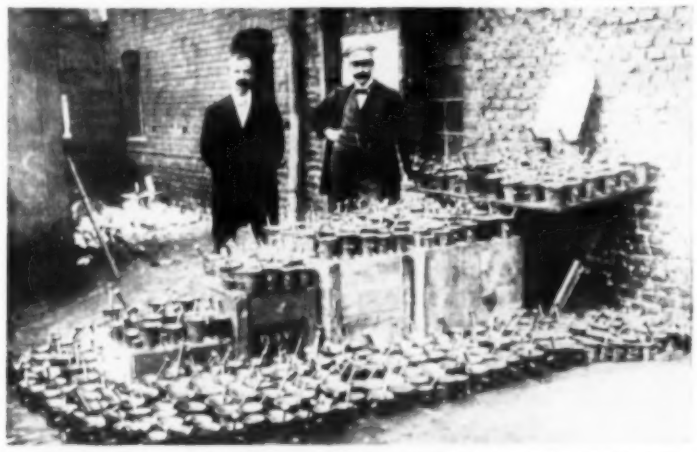
PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., NEWSPAPER ILLUS., AND CONTINPHOT.

FOUNDER'S DAY WAR-WORK BY ETON BOYS: SHIFTING MATERIAL IN WHEEL-BARROWS AT THE DIDCOT WAR STORES.

THE KING'S THIRD SON WORKING AT THE DIDCOT JUNCTION WAR STORES: PRINCE HENRY ON FOUNDER'S DAY.

WITH THE ENEMY AT THE DARDANELLES: TURKISH TROOPS PARADING BEFORE MARCHING TO THE TRENCHES ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

IN THE ENEMY'S HANDS: CAPTURED SERBIAN PEASANTS OF MILITARY AGE BEING MARCHED OFF TO A PRISONERS' CAMP.



GERMANY'S CALL FOR METAL: A HAUL OF KITCHEN-UTENSILS MADE IN AN OFFICIAL RAID AMONG THE HOUSES OF A SMALL TOWN.

Founder's Day at Eton College was celebrated in very suitable fashion in this year of war, by a large party of the boys journeying down to Didcot Junction and there putting in several hours of stiff work at the great War Stores which have been established there. This is not the first visit paid by the King's third son to Didcot, and when he is there he works with a will.—The Turkish camp seen is one of the enemy's camps at the Dardanelles. In the foreground is a group of neutral visitors in conversation with Turkish and German officers. German officers, while serving with the Turks, usually wear Turkish uniforms.—Serbian villagers of all ages have taken part in assisting the Serbian regulars to hold the passes and defended positions. Those of them of military age, whenever captured, were in most cases separated from the elder men and the immature lads and tramped off to one of the prisoners' camps across the Danube.—As it is now notorious, everything of copper, down to kitchen pots and pans, is being commandeered all over Germany in order to be melted down for munition purposes. A German lady's letter, found lately on the body of her husband in France, bitterly complained that even the toy copper nick-nacks on her drawing-room mantelpiece had been carried off by a house-to-house search party.

THE FIGHTING IN MESOPOTAMIA: TURKISH AND BRITISH TRENCHES.

TAKEN BY THE BRITISH AT THE BATTLE AT NASIRIYEH: TURKISH TRENCHES CAPTURED BY OUR FORCE.

AT ONE OF THE POSITIONS HELD BY THE BRITISH FORCE FIGHTING IN MESOPOTAMIA: A VIEW OF OUR TRENCHES.

The advance towards Bagdad began some thirteen months ago, and Basra, fifty miles from the river mouth, was occupied on November 21, 1914. Kurna was occupied on the following December 9. On May 31 of this year began the advance up the Tigris from Kurna. On June 3, Amara surrendered. On September 29, Kut-el-Amara was occupied; and on November 22 took place the battle of Ctesiphon, eighteen miles from Bagdad. On December 4, the Secretary of State for India announced that General Townshend, having remained in occupation of the battlefield of Ctesiphon until he had removed his wounded and the 1600 prisoners taken, had withdrawn in perfect order, in view of our losses and the arrival of Turkish reinforcements. On the 6th came the announcement that General Townshend's force had reached Kut-el-Amara.

FIGHTING THE "BURGLAR" IN SERBIA: BRITISH AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU

BRITISH KHAKI IN SERBIA: SOME OF OUR TROOPS BETWEEN RABROVO AND DOIRAN.

IN A COUNTRY THAT HAS BEEN COMPARED TO THE PEAK DISTRICT: A CAMERA-STUDY BETWEEN DOIRAN AND RABROVO.

NOW UNDER GENERAL JOFFRE'S ORDERS: GENERAL SARRAIL, COMMANDING THE FRENCH FORCES IN SERBIA, AT SALONIKA, LEAVING HIS HEADQUARTERS.

BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING IN THE COLUMN PASSING SOM

WITH CANVAS LEVEL WITH THE GROUND OVER AN EXCAVATION: A FRENCH SHELTER-TENT WITHIN RANGE OF SNIPERS.

FRENCH SOLDIERS IN GOOD SPIRITS: A SMILING WELCOME TO THE CAMERA-MAN ON THE HEIGHTS NEAR STRUMNITZA.

News regarding the operations of the British and French troops in Serbia was for some time scanty. A French official report of December 5 stated: "The local actions of December 3, reported in the previous *communiqué*, were rather sharp, particularly in the direction of Kosturino." The previous report had said that "there was a cannonade in the sector east of Strumnitza and on the British front." About a week earlier (on November 26) it was reported by correspondents that British reinforcements were still arriving every day, well provided with powerful field-guns, and were going up to the front as fast as possible. The British, it was added, had taken over the French positions between Doiran and the heights of Kosturino. The French moved westward, and the British force thus formed the Allied right wing. "Part of the British troops in the Balkans," wrote Mr. G. Ward Price from that front on November 25, "are now in the first line face to face with their enemy. So far, however, they have hardly even caught sight of him, for, along this eastern wing of the arc

FRENCH TROOPS WHO ARE FACING THE BULGARIANS.

AND A MEMBER OF THE ALLIED FORCES.

INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY ENDURING THE HORRORS OF A GERMAN AND BULGARIAN INVASION: SERBIAN PEASANTS NEAR DOIRAN STATION.

AT A POINT WHICH FORMED ONE PART OF OUR POSITION IN SERBIA: BRITISH TENTS NEAR DOIRAN.

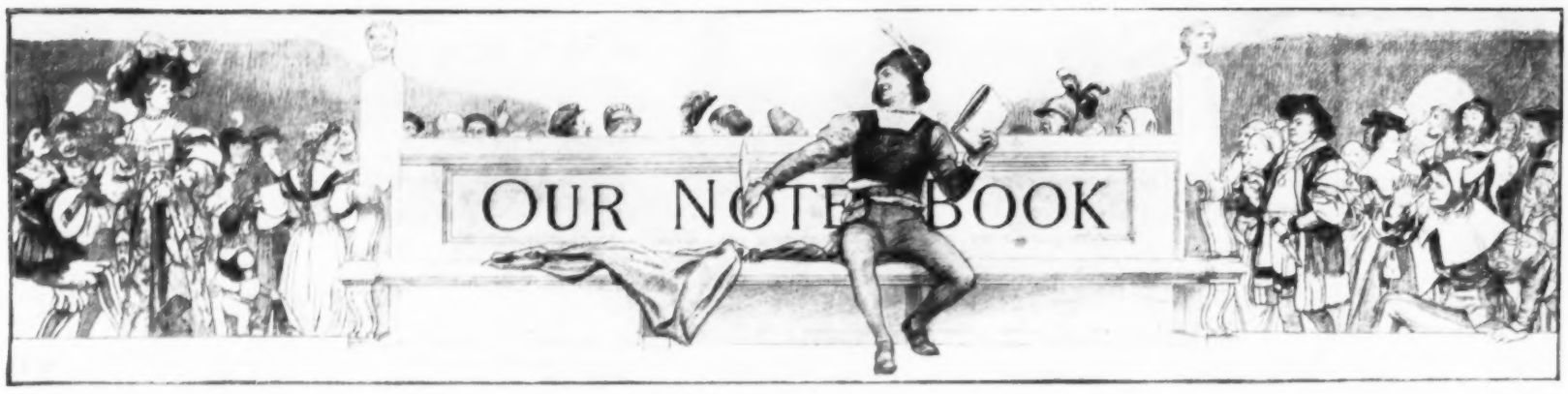
STRUMNITZA DISTRICT: A MULE TRANSPORT FRENCH SOLDIERS.

FIELD-AMBULANCE WORK AT VALANDOVO: A BRITISH SOLDIER CARRYING A WOUNDED COMRADE BY THE "FIREMAN'S LIFT."

NEW BRITISH FORCES ARRIVING ON THE SERBO-BULGARIAN FRONT: A COLUMN ON THE MARCH, WITH SHELLS BURSTING ON THE HILLS BEYOND.

TAKING A WOUNDED SOLDIER TO A FRENCH DRESSING-STATION: FIELD-AMBULANCE WORK NEAR STRUMNITZA.

which the Allied line makes, the "Burglar" (as the men call him, often with an alliterative epithet) is at the moment an easy-going and unobtrusive opponent." Casualties there had so far been few. The country is described as a wilder edition of the Peak district, and the British position as a strong one. A French doctor serving with the French forces writes from Strumnitza Station: "I have just returned from a visit to my dressing station. The actual warfare differs totally from that of Gallipoli. We have a very extended front, mountains opposite us which we must cross, many defiles which must be guarded, summits on which we must establish ourselves. Thus there is movement everywhere, and it is not easy to pick up our wounded nor to evacuate them. All the same, people find we have worked miracles. . . . Since yesterday I have five splendid quite new motor-ambulances. They are running all day between the dressing-station and Strumnitza (14 kilometres)."—Since General Joffre's command was extended he has been responsible for the Serbian campaign.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. FORD, the celebrated American comedian, is now on tour with his company; and the type of advertisement, as well as the troupe itself, are much in the manner of Mr. Barnum. How, happily, the humourist manages to keep his inventions remote from any too painful reality may be judged from the following remark, which he is reported as having made to an interviewer—

I believe that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was deliberately planned to get this country into war. It was not planned by any one nation. It was planned by the financiers of war.

I think that is quite sufficient as regards Mr. Ford in relation to the probabilities of politics. There seems no limit to such a line of thought, and I am surprised that he has not carried it further. I have often denounced the internationalism of finance myself; I believe that banks are often really the fortresses of a silent invasion. But I have some difficulty in believing that bankers swim under the sea to cut holes in the bottoms of ships; I presume Mr. Ford thinks that several millions of bank clerks, disguised as German soldiers, crossed the frontier and laid waste Belgium, while the peaceable German Army remained at home. It may be that by "financiers" Mr. Ford means munition manufacturers, for his style is by no means clear; and I myself have often pointed out that the German firm is Krupp and Kaiser, and not Kaiser and Krupp. But the attempt to explain the collision of all human ambitions and interests by the mere materials through which they work, is a thing fit for a lunatic asylum. I could not make Mr. Ford commit a murder by giving him a revolver as a Christmas present; even if, in the warmth of my affection, I had made it for him myself. Nor could anybody make thousands of ordinary men march and starve and die happy, merely by providing them with pieces of metal for the purpose. Nobody could make them carry heavy rifles by making heavy rifles for them to carry. The whole thing is windy nonsense born of wealth and security, and a gaping and ghastly ignorance of all that makes men behave like men. That pride and ambition and avarice often lead to wars is true, and another matter; but that has nothing to do with the mindless materialism which would explain things by their tools. Torture, for instance, is a horrible thing; and real religious enthusiasts have often tortured each other. But if any man were to tell me that they tortured each other because the manufacturers of instruments of torture wanted to sell them, I should take the liberty of calling him a fool. I do not believe that the Reformation came because shopkeepers wished to do a brisk business in racks. Nor do I believe that the epidemic of witch-burning in the seventeenth century was due to a conspiracy of timber-merchants. People wanted to fight under such insult and wrong as the ultimatums to Serbia and Belgium long before there were any modern armaments or modern armament firms. I have sometimes even fancied that people wished to travel before the invention of the Ford Car.

There is one way in which Mr. Ford and his tour will probably do good. It will queer the pitch of much more plausible and presentable individuals if they attempt to prevent the thorough purgation of Christendom. There are other Pacifists, many of them men who necessarily command respect, who may attempt to create the reconciliation without understanding the quarrel. Such men will mean nothing but good and do nothing but harm; but they will certainly do less harm if they find, wherever they go, the torn and faded posters of Mr. Ford's unsuccessful circus. I have been told (I do not know whether there is any truth in it) that during American elections the opponents of some politician will send round a sort of living caricature of him; another man dressed up in undignified imitation of him, and carrying on (I need hardly say) in a manner little to his credit. These artistic wire-pullers send their walking-cartoon not *after* the hated politician to parody him, but *before* him, to take the words out of his mouth. So that astonished statesman finds his most sober remarks hailed with happy laughter. I do not suggest that we should apply this method to the Pacifists ourselves; or attempt to forestall Mr. Morel or Mr. Philip Snowden by sending some funnier person in front of them. For one thing, I do not see how there could be any funnier person than Mr. Morel or Mr. Philip Snowden. And for another, such jokes in the grand style require the champagne-like air which seems to serve that nation (symbolically called Carrie Nation) as a substitute for champagne. But if it is difficult for us to do it ourselves, we ought to be all the more grateful to Mr. Ford if he will do it for us. And I cannot imagine anything more likely to turn a premature peace into a permanent joke than a man who begins his persuasion of the world by telling us a story about the sinking of the *Lusitania*, by which the Prussian Government defended what it did not do.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND PAY: AN OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE FOR SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FRENCH "LOAN OF VICTORY."

The French Ministry of Finance is presenting all subscribers to the national war loan with a certificate, which will doubtless be treasured among many family archives. The design, by M. Bernard Naudin, shows the Gallic Cock, standing on a gun, ready to hail the laurel of victory at the new dawn.

For the responsible Pacifists in America, the matter which I would ask them to consider is this. They must not be surprised if it takes a long time and a terrible agony to tear up from the earth what we are trying to tear up; for it is the whole European evil, from which we have increasingly suffered for two hundred years. The American democracy is to be congratulated on having been founded far away from us, and when that evil was only beginning to grow. But for the very reason that America is to be congratulated on escaping it, America is not specially qualified to understand it. It is a natural temptation for Americans to tell us how to solve the problem of militarism; just as it was a natural temptation for us to tell them how to solve the problem of negro slavery. But the greater part of what we talked about negro slavery was nonsense. It was full of that frailty in the mind by which men can always be most emphatic about what is furthest off. Emancipation would have seemed a very easy matter to Dickens or Thackeray; but it seemed a very difficult matter both to Lincoln and to Lee. And I think it will call a smile to the lips of the most earnest American Pacifist if he reflects on what welcome either Lincoln or Lee would have given to an English proprietor of hansom-cabs who should suddenly have commanded both sides to embrace, immediately after the Battle of Chancellorsville. And it is equally unnecessary for any American to go outside his own national history if he wishes for some image of the mind of the decent European who, desiring peace as much as any American, is yet at this moment absolutely adamant for war. No American was more Pacifist, as none was more Puritan, than James Russell Lowell. He was much too Pacifist, as he was much too Puritan, for my own private fancy; and his lecturing voice was easily drowned for me in the great wind of Walt Whitman. In his earlier poems he preached a literal peace-at-any-price, in its most precise and even most priggish form. He said that all war was murder, and that he had no need to go any further than his Testament for the fact. He thought it the most scorching satire to suggest that civilisation could get forward on a powder-cart. But he did not talk like that when he stood in the furnace of reality in which we stand to-day. And when other people began to talk like that to him, when the Fords of that day wanted a premature peace between North and South, he said something rather different, which I think, I can roughly remember—

Come, Peace, not as a mourner bowed
For honour lost and dear ones wasted,
But proud to meet a people proud
With eyes that tell of triumph tasted . . .
Come, such as mothers prayed for when
They kissed their Cross with lips that quivered,
And bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered.

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HOW FRENCH ART PROMOTES THE "LOAN OF VICTORY": A POSTER BY POULBOT

The French are using the appeal of the artistic poster to promote their national loan—the "Loan of Victory," as it is called. A soldier off to the front is calling back to his wife: "Don't forget to subscribe—for Victory—and return!"

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

Photographs by Langfier, Kate Pragnell, Lafayette, London Stereoscopic Co., Birkett, Heath, Maull and Fox, Elliott and Fry, and Debenham and Co.

MAJOR H. J. RIDDELL, 48TH PIONEERS.

2ND LIEUT. E. P. GORDON, 104TH WELLESLEY'S RFLS.

CAPTAIN C. D. FROST, 110TH MAHRATTA L.I.

CAPTAIN F. S. BOWRING, 22ND PUNJABIS.

CAPTAIN WILTON S. OLDHAM, 48TH PIONEERS.

CAPT. O. J. MORTIMORE, DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.

CAPTAIN R. S. M. HARE, ESSEX REGT.

CAPTAIN C. C. STEWART, 20TH PUNJABIS.

MAJOR R. W. P. CAMPBELL, ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

CAPTAIN R. C. FIPPARD, W. YORKSHIRE REGT.

LIEUT. J. G. DRUMMOND, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

MAJOR J. L. DAVIES, ESSEX REGT.

FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. J. H. ROSE, R.N.A.S.

2ND LIEUT. F. C. WALKER, SUFFOLK REGT.

MAJOR RALPH C. SMYTHE, R. GARRISON ARTILLERY.

LIEUT. J. E. D. LAMBERT, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGT.

LIEUT. G. A. W. FLYNN, SCOTTISH RIFLES.

2ND LIEUT. S. J. K. THOMSON, ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

CAPTAIN H. D. MacCALL, 13TH PUNJABIS.

CAPTAIN G. B. JOHNSON, NORFOLK REGT.

2ND LIEUT. C. F. B. HODGINS, WILTSHIRE REGT.

LIEUT. F. H. WHARTON, LOYAL N. LANCS. REGT.

LT. G. A. HATTERSLEY SMITH, ROYAL NAVY.

CAPTAIN J. JENKINSON, STAFFORDSHIRE REGT.

CAPTAIN P. J. STANGER, LONDON REGT.

Capt. Charles D. Frost took part in the Mohmand Expedition, and was awarded the medal, with clasp. Capt. Francis Stephen Bowring served through the South African Campaign (Queen's medal, three clasps; King's medal, two clasps), and in the Mohmand Expedition (medal, with clasp). Capt. Wilton S. Oldham was a grandson of the late Gen. Sir Anthony Blaxland Stranshaw, G.C.B. Capt. Owen J. Mortimore served through the Boer War (Queen's medal, four clasps; King's medal, two clasps). Major R. W. P. Campbell was the son of the late Thomas Proctor Campbell, of Delhi, and of Dalhousie, Punjab. Lieut. John Grey Drummond was the eldest son of the late J. Nelson Drummond, of South Hampstead, and a nephew of Mr. Seppings Wright, the famous war-correspondent and artist of "The Illustrated London News." Flight Sub-Lieut. John H. Rose took part in the flight, with other airmen, when the late Flight Lieut. Warneford, V.C., successfully bombed a Zeppelin. Lieut. G. A. W. Flynn was the son of the late Mr. A. C. Flynn, Principal of the Boys' Home School, Murree, and grandson of the late Hon. Graham Wallace, of Edinburgh. Capt. H. Dobree MacCall served in the South African War (Queen's medal, five clasps). 2nd Lieut. C. F. B. Hodgins came of a Canadian family. He was the son of Lieut.-Col. C. R. Hodgins, and his father and three brothers are in the Army. Lieut. Frank Hammond Wharton was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wharton, of Church Street, Kensington. Lieut. Geoffrey Alban Hattersley-Smith was the son of the Rev. P. Hattersley-Smith, of Glenfall Lawn, Cheltenham. Capt. J. Jenkinson was one of the most popular and brilliant of British fencers and swordsmen.

THE SECTION COMMANDER: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

QUITE abruptly the Section Commander knew what his feelings were. He crystallised this sense of utter loneliness, this feeling of being suspended on a hair before a multitude, into one sentence. It was like going out to bat.

No mistaking the feeling. The same cold wind was blowing over the same cold soul as when he walked over the illimitable acres of green to bat for the first time in The Eleven. The same million eyes seemed to be watching him with unwavering and narrow scrutiny. Same feeling of hopeless incapacity also. The silly inner voice of him was muttering with nervous pessimism, "It's no good; I can't do it—I can't possibly do it. What an infernal fool I am to mix myself in this mess-up!" He had felt just like that when he saw the umpire setting up the shattered wicket of the last man out.

All that he had learned, all that he had trained himself to do, had deserted him. He was blank. His mind was gone. He was simply left stranded there; a helpless mass of mud, with hands and legs and body and head robbed of all power of functioning. He would stand there until somebody blundered against him because he was in the way. Then he would probably fall over because there was nothing in him.

The trail of the nearest gun was in the ground already, and the ammunition-wagon was coming up on the left. No. 6 was clumsy. He fumbled with the perch. Even when he had lowered it he was at fault. He failed to give the command. "That fellow," thought the Section Commander with a curious and detached surprise, "that fellow's got nerves." He gave the order himself. As he said, "Limber drive on," the frigid equanimity of his tone astonished him. He said it as though he had practised to say nothing else all his life. Not the slightest stutter in it. Also the coming of the utterance had surprised him. If anyone had told him a moment ago he would have spoken at all, he would have put the prophet down as a liar.

At the same time, he knew the voice and tone. The same voice, with the same calmness, had demanded, "Middle and leg, please," when his shrinking body had carried him to the batting-crease a few years ago. Curious, he had never considered war in common with cricket.

Not quite the same in everything, though. There had been nerves in cricket, but not this dismay. Dismay seemed to weigh down upon one, to be part of the dense and abominable noise of war. Dismay fluttered at the end of all one's nerves, and beat through the body like blood. What was the dismay? Of being killed? Perhaps. He had told himself that being killed didn't matter. When one was killed, one was finished. No arguing about it. One's troubles were over. One was done. It had been an excellent argument a month back. It was flat and feeble now. Saying that it didn't matter if one was killed didn't prevent one knowing that one might be killed any moment. It was that knowledge that gave a singular enfeebling alarm. The Section Commander felt that his soul was like a child cringing with his arm up in expectation of a blow. The arm was always up, the expectation was always there. It was as useless to spit logic at the attitude as it was useless to reason with a child.

But was the dismay fear of death? Was it actually merely a fear of "making a mucker" of his job? The Section Commander thought there might be something in that to explain his feeling—though his feelings were boiled up together in a most mixed stew. He was certainly fearfully anxious about his job. He had learned his job well enough, but just now he did not seem to remember enough about it. He felt that he would like to have the Artillery training-book in his hand, to go over things, and to make certain on every point. He wanted to be excruciatingly careful. He wanted, even, to get a Captain along, and say to him, "Look here, am I all right? Have I done everything right? Just put me straight—I don't want to make a bloomer of this."

He knew this to be impossible. He knew there wasn't time. He knew that everything was to be done in a hurry, and that all his slacking in training would now show up in horrid fashion. His deficiency in everything appalled him. This knowledge somewhat overlaid his perception of impending annihilation, but the emotions were furiously jumbled.

The Battery Sergeant-Major was yelling the elevation figures and the angle through his megaphone. The Section Commander saluted the orders, and directed his men in a state of secret dismay. He knew that everything would go wrong—that he was entirely unfitted for the task. Still, when the layer on No. 1 made a fault of half a degree he saw it instantly and corrected it at once. Curious how some unganged instinct controlled and ran the body, even though one's interior economy was stumbling all over the universe in an excited, panicky, and unrestrained fashion.

The line of the battery had been full of movement. Now it was rigid. The men stood like statues—trite thought, but they *did* stand just like that. The battery was ready. It was waiting to fire. The whole organisation was in a state of suspension. And the suspension wasn't pleasant. The Section Commander was almost irritable. What the hell was the use of their hurry after all? he considered. They had been swift for nothing. Now they would have to wait and tremble.

He glared up at the mound of minefield-detritus that formed their cover. The sky was strangely serene beyond the clear line of crest. All the uproar of fighting was contained behind that crest, and the black, irregular line of the slag-dump gave him the idea that some curious and volcanic kind of hell was bubbling in a crater of which the mound was the lip. As he looked there rose above the sky-line a burst of white vapour, like the smoke of a sea. It drifted a little, then sank out of sight as spray might disappear. It was singularly remote and impersonal. The Section Commander knew what it was, but its reality could not impress itself upon his mind. It was delicate and pretty, that surge of smoke—but it was war and slaughter also.

The noise was war too. But it had become so tremendous that, like the whiff of shrapnel smoke, it was also impersonal. It was as though it had developed itself beyond the point of human comprehension—had become something fixed and natural, like the clear heavens.

When the Section Commander looked at the visible signs of battle he was suddenly swept by a wild excitement. The whole of him lifted and clamoured. The excitement was related to nothing at all. It was just a breaker of the wildest and most disturbing emotion, that swung with a sea-heave through his senses. He was trembling when it had gone.

The order came to him from the next section. And his two guns began firing. He was full of fussiness as far as the discharge of the second round. He wanted to stand over the men and see that they did their work well. He was ready to pounce upon any mistake. But there were no mistakes. The shells were passed coolly, smoothly. The swing and snap of the breech was like the kiss of a woman. The crews took firing stations like clocks. Then the perk of the lanyard, the neat swing backward of the breech to the full freedom of recoil, and the recovery and return to position. All perfect, all as delicate and sure as the swing of a piston. The perfect mechanism of gunning ravished him. It grew on him. It overpowered all other emotions.

War disappeared. The battle vanished. The noise dwindled and was gone. Only the swing of the crew and the swing of the gun worked together in a world of well-oiled smoothness. Voices shouted sentences, corrections, change of elevations. The voices were part of the machine. The swing of the gun, the swing of the crew—it was as the beat of a perfect clock. The Section Commander lost his individuality. He was in the machine, he was of it. Dismay had gone, fussiness had gone, anxiety had gone. Death did not matter—he was too occupied for death. He—working, working—smoothly, swiftly, well. He could not make mistakes.

He couldn't make mistakes at all. He was set. He had collared the bowling.

In the swing and beat of the perfect mechanism just that one thought came to him, and was gone.

He was set. He had collared the bowling. War and cricket—they were strangely akin, after all.

THE FIRING LINE: IN A BRITISH FIRING-LINE TRENCH.

Official Photograph from G.H.Q. Crown Copyright reserved.

TO FIGHT TO THE END: THE RULER OF OUR ALLY, ITALY.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

THE FIVE-POWER PACT.

THE Italian Government having decided to accede to the Declaration between the British, French, and Russian Governments, signed at London on Sept. 5, 1915, which Declaration was acceded to by the Japanese Government on October 19, 1915, the undersigned, duly authorised thereto by their respective Governments, hereby declare as follows:

The British, French, Italian, Japanese, and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war.

The five Governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies.

In faith whereof the undersigned have signed this Declaration and have affixed thereto their seals.

Done at London, in quintuplicate, this 30th day of Nov., 1915.

(L.S.) E. GREY.
(L.S.) PAUL CAMBON.
(L.S.) IMPERIALI.
(L.S.) K. INOUYE.
(L.S.) BENCKENDORFF.

A KING WHOSE GOVERNMENT HAS AGREED WITH THE OTHER ALLIED POWERS THAT THERE SHALL BE NO SEPARATE PEACE: THE KING OF ITALY.

Just when it was announced that the German Government had allotted a day for the discussion of Peace Conditions in the Reichstag (in accordance with Socialist demands, and, more than probably, with the mistaken idea that their peace talk might mean some relaxation of the Allies' efforts!) the Five-Power Pact was issued in the form given above. Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy, was born at Naples on November 11, 1869, son of King Humbert. For the benefit of those readers to whom "L.S." is unfamiliar, we may say that it stands for "locus sigilli" (the position of the seal).

SCIENCE · AND · NATURAL · HISTORY ·

IN QUEST OF THE BOOK OF SACRED SCIENCE.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUIDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF PAPYRUS ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS.

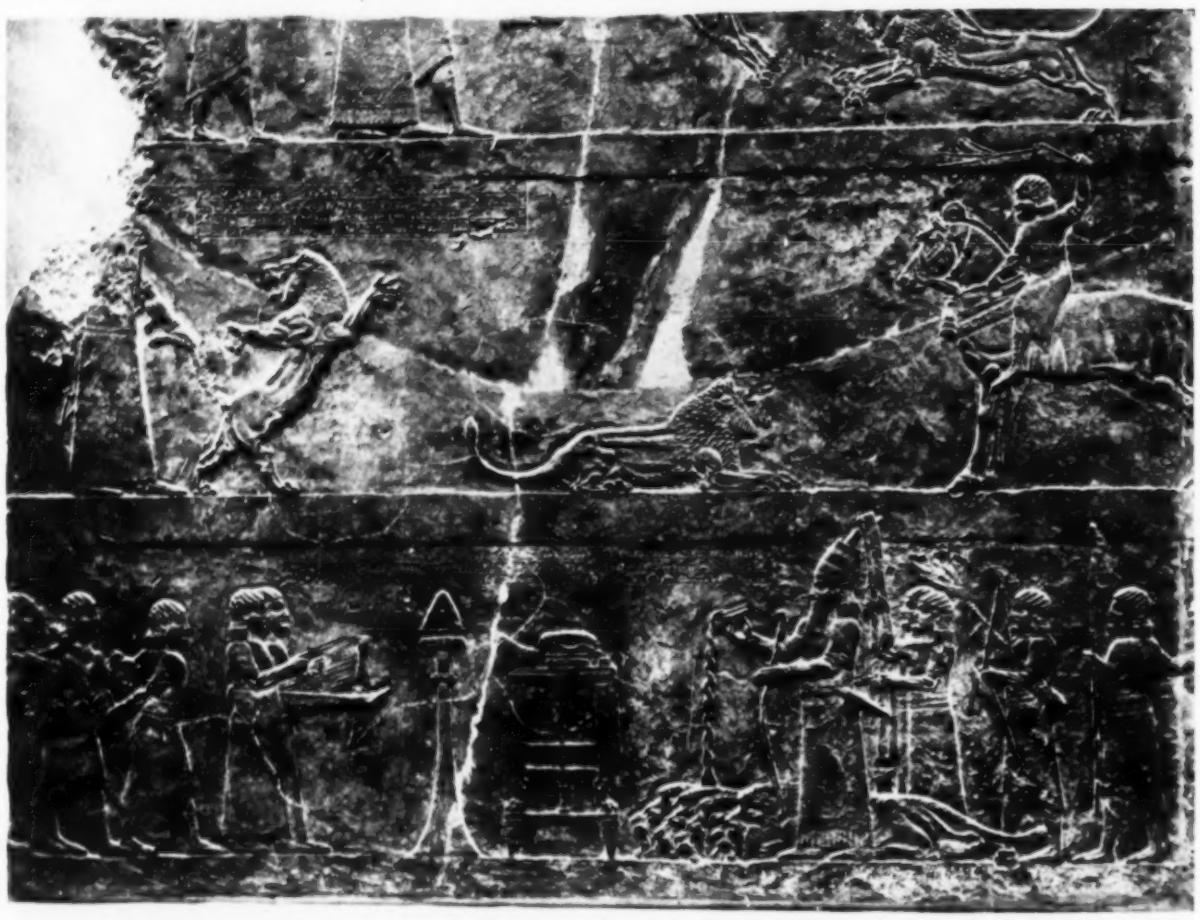
SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BAGDAD AS A SPORTING CENTRE.

THOSE of our countrymen who took part in the very arduous march towards Bagdad might have found some reward for the hardships which they suffered in the novelty of their environment. Entrance to the ancient city itself, formerly the most brilliant city of the Moslem world, is, for the moment, denied them. But their determination to effect this will have been whetted by the glimpse they have had of its encircling wall and groves of date-palms, above which tower the minarets and domes of mosques, recalling the pictures which made the fairy-tale books of their childhood so fascinating. Some time in the future, no doubt, they will be traversing its narrow, dirty, ill-paved streets, with their hordes of ownerless dogs, which, with vultures, perform the salutary work of scavengers. Should their stay be long, and leave possible, they may obtain some exciting sport. For though Bagdad is situated in the middle of a barren wilderness of considerable extent, more fertile country is within the possible limits of attainment.

The oak forests of Mesopotamia have long been famous for the wild boars which harbour there. Few animals, indeed, are more worthy of the hunter's best efforts. But an additional element of excitement will be introduced by the possibility of encountering lions, which, in these forests, feed largely upon the boars. The oak-forests are, however, not the only likely spots in which to seek wandering specimens of the king of beasts in this part of the world, for the reedy swamps which abound in this region are quite as much to his liking.

The lion in Asia, it may be remarked, has been almost exterminated. But a few still linger in India, and they are fairly numerous in the Zagros mountains to the east of the Tigris valley, from whence, probably, come the wanderers into Mesopotamia and Persia. The lion of Mesopotamia and Persia, it is to be noted, is regarded by zoologists as representing a distinct race, or sub-species, *Felis leo persica*. It is this race which, in olden days, was hunted by the Assyrians with dogs, and was slain, when brought to bay, with the bow and arrow. Vivid pictures of such encounters have come down to us in the bas-reliefs of the Assyrian monuments, together with statuary of human-headed lions with great wings, personating Nergal, the God of War and Hunting. Lion-hunting was the sport of kings in those far-off days. On one of the sculptured slabs in the British Museum, Ashur-bani-pal is represented, standing, and pouring out a libation over four dead lions which lie before an altar. He is accompanied by a bowman, musicians bearing stringed instruments and men with fans. The three lines of cuneiform text above read: "I, Ashur-bani-pal, king of hosts, king of Assyria, whom Ashur and Belit have endowed with great might, slew four lions. The powerful bow of Ishtar, the lady of battle, over them I held, and I poured out a libation over them."



SPORT OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF ASSYRIA WHICH BRITISH OFFICERS MAY ENJOY IN MESOPOTAMIA: ASHUR-BANI-PAL POURING A LIBATION OVER FOUR LIONS SLAIN IN THE HUNT.

"I, Ashur-bani-pal, king of hosts, king of Assyria, whom Ashur and Belit have endowed with great might, slew four lions. The powerful bow of Ishtar, the lady of battle, over them I held, and I poured out a libation over them." (*From a Bas-relief in the British Museum.*)

Bagdad, lying midway between these ancient kingdoms of Babylon and Assyria, still retains its lions; and though it will hardly fall to the good fortune of any of our countrymen to slay four during this campaign, he may, at any rate, bag one. Achieving this feat, he also will probably pour out a libation—and drink it! Herds of camels, sheep, and goats afford an easy prey not only to stray lions, but also to other carnivores which will afford most sport; for the hunting leopard or cheetah (*Cynoelurus jubatus*), the long-tailed red lynx, or caracal (*Felis caracal*), the Syrian brown bear (*Ursus arctos syriacus*) occur here. He may also get a little hunting of a more familiar kind, for foxes are common. But wounded men will do well to remember that a revolver must always be kept ready for use if possible, for packs of wolves, hyænas, and jackals are said to be common in this region, and they are extremely unpleasant creatures to meet if one is at a disadvantage.

Having regard to the fact that the tiger occurs in the northern provinces of Persia, it is curious that it seems never to have made its way into Mesopotamia. It was evidently unknown to the ancient Babylonians and Assyrians, nor has it been recorded in later times. The Persian differs from the Indian and Siberian tigers in its smaller size, and hence is regarded by zoologists as representing a distinct race known as *Felis tigris septentrionalis*.

Those who are content with smaller game will find wild fowl easily obtainable in the shape of wild duck, teal, pin-tail, widgeon, pochard, scoters, geese, and swans, and probably also the Sisi partridge. It occurs, at any rate, in the Euphrates Valley. It is a small species, and affords but indifferent sport on account of its habit of running.

During the summer months in Bagdad, as our men found when near by, the heat is unendurable, ranging from 75 deg. at sunrise to 122 deg. F. Rain does not fall on more than twenty or thirty days throughout the year. But when the snows melt on the Armenian hills, the Tigris becomes a majestic, and sometimes a destructive river. In 1831 an inundation destroyed half the town and several thousand lives. It is to be hoped that no such superabundance of water will occur when we occupy the city! To an inundation of this kind on the sister river, the Euphrates, we apparently owe the story of the Flood, for the Babylonian account of the Deluge differs only in small details from that of the Biblical story.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

Lord Kitchener at "Anzac": The War Minister on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

ON THE SEA-SHORE: LORD KITCHENER RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO THE FIRING-LINE.

"OUT OF EVERY DUG-OUT ON THE HILL-SIDE": "ANZAC" WELCOMING LORD KITCHENER.

Lord Kitchener's visit to "Anzac" has been described by Captain Bean, the official Press representative with the Australian Forces in the Dardanelles: "Very few even of the senior officers had any previous knowledge of the visit, but the moment he stepped ashore the men 'tumbled' to it, and a remarkable scene occurred. . . . By the time Lord Kitchener had reached the end of the pier the men were tumbling like rabbits out of every dug-out on the hill-side. . . . Australians do not cheer readily, but as Lord Kitchener, accompanied by Generals Birdwood and Maxwell, and others, passed, the men spontaneously called for cheers, and gave them again and again."

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

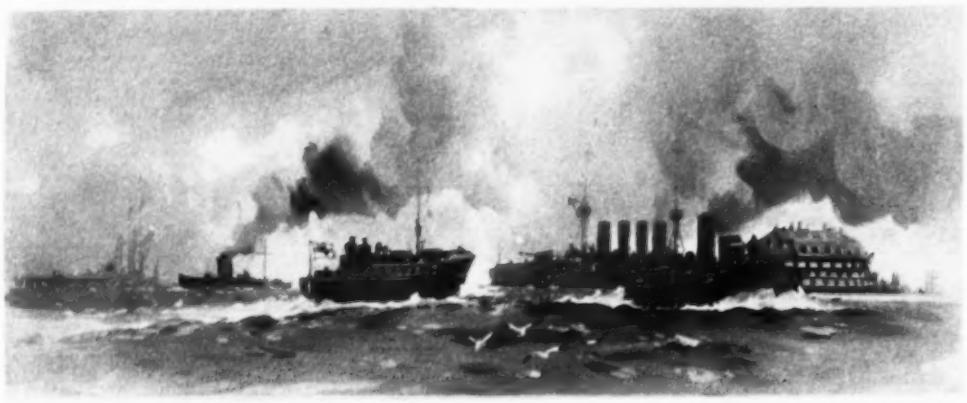
Celebrating Salonika's Fall into Greek Hands: The King and his Queen.

A GERMAN FIELD-MARSHAL AND A GERMAN COLONEL: KING CONSTANTINE AND QUEEN SOPHIA OF GREECE AT THE RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY FÊTE AT ATHENS TO COMMEMORATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE TAKING OF SALONIKA.

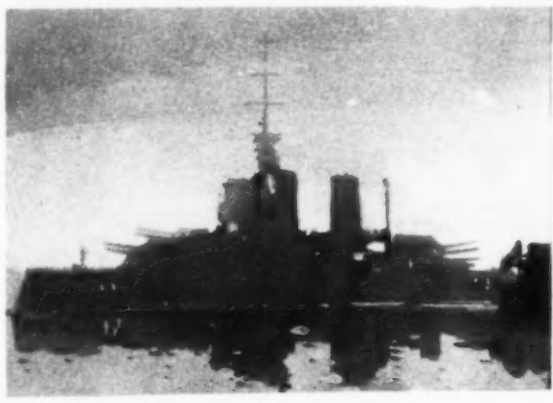
Salonika was taken by the Greeks in November 1912, during the First Balkan War, and the anniversary of this success was celebrated at Athens the other day by a religious and military fête held on the manoeuvre ground. The occasion was especially interesting at a moment when the Greek troops were mobilised, and the Allies were using Salonika as a landing-place. The King and Queen are seen with Greek Ministers. King Constantine, who is Field-Marshal-General and Chief of the 88th (2nd Nassau) Infantry Regiment of the Prussian Army and *à la suite* of the 2nd Prussian Foot Guards, is carrying his Prussian Field-Marshal's bâton. He is Commander-in-Chief of his own Army, but the Greeks have no rank which corresponds with Field-Marshal: Queen Sophia, sister of the Kaiser, is Chief of the 3rd Prussian "Queen Elizabeth" Grenadier Guards.

"THE NAVY PREPARES AGAINST ALL CONTINGENCIES":

The Quotations Below from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Article on "Patrols"



TO THE DEPÔT-SHIP FOR ORDERS: THE MOTOR-BOAT RESERVE—A NEW BRANCH OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



AT MOORINGS, REVEILLE, 5 A.M.: THE DAY'S WORK BEGINS

KIPLING ON PATROLS.

"THE great basins were crammed with craft of kinds never known before on any Navy List. Some were as they were born, others had been converted, and a multitude have been designed for special cases. The Navy prepares against all contingencies by land, sea, and air. It was a relief to meet a batch of comprehensible destroyers. . . . 'What are the destroyers doing just now?' I asked. 'Oh—running about—much the same as usual.' . . . It is a foul coast, hairy with currents and rips and mottled with shoals and rocks. Practically the same men hold on here in the same ships, with much the same crews, for months and months. . . . Personally, though they have been true friends to me, I loathe destroyers, and all the raw, racking, ricochetting life that goes with them—the smell of the wet 'lammies' and damp ward-room cushions; the galley-chimney smoking out the bridge; the obstacle-strewn deck; and the pervading beastliness of oil, grit, and greasy iron. Even at moorings they shiver and sidle like half-backed horses. At sea they will neither rise up and fly clear like the hydroplanes, nor dive and be done with it like the submarines, but imitate the vices of both. A scientist of the lower deck describes them as: 'Half switch-back, half water-chute, and Hell continuous.' . . . Thus the Caesars and their fortunes put out to sea with their subs, and their sad-eyed engineers, and their long-suffering signallers—I do not even know the technical name of the sin which causes a man to be born a destroyer-signaller in this life—and the little yellow shells stuck all about where they can be easiest reached. The rest of their acts is written for the information of the proper authorities. It reads like a page of Todhunter. But the masters of merchant-ships could tell more of eye-less shapes, barely outlined on the foam of their own arrest, who shout orders through the thick gloom alongside. The strayed and anxious neutral knows them when their searchlights pin him across the deep, or their syrens answer the last yelp of his as steam goes out of his torpedoed boilers. They stand by to catch and soothe him in his

[Continued opposite.

FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED: "WE SIGHTED A SUBMARINE AN HOUR AGO, HEADING——"

IN ATTENDANCE ON TRANSPORTS: A DUTY OCCASIONALLY PERFORMED BY THE MOTOR-BOAT RESERVE.

Our drawings illustrate some of the multifarious duties of a new branch of the Navy that has sprung into existence owing to the exigencies of the war, namely, the Motor-Boat Reserve. In conjunction with these illustrations, we are able, by the courtesy of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the "Daily Telegraph," to quote a portion of his characteristically vivid article on "Patrols," which concluded the series entitled "The Fringes of the Fleet," recently given in that paper. In this article Mr. Kipling deals mainly with destroyers, which, of course, go further afield and perform tasks that are beyond the province of the motor-boat; but the general conditions associated with patrolling the seas are more or less the same in any kind of craft, hence there is a certain affinity between the article and the illustrations. Elsewhere in this Number we give another article, describing the specific work of the Motor-Boat Reserve as here illustrated.

A DAY AT SEA WITH THE MOTOR-BOAT RESERVE.

ARE GIVEN BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR AND OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

IN THE MOTOR-BOAT RESERVE.

FULL SPEED AHEAD: CRAFT OF THE MOTOR-BOAT RESERVE ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

THE OLD NAVY AND THE NEW: VESSELS OF THE MOTOR-BOAT RESERVE PASSING AN OLD THREE-DECKER.

KIPLING ON PATROLS.

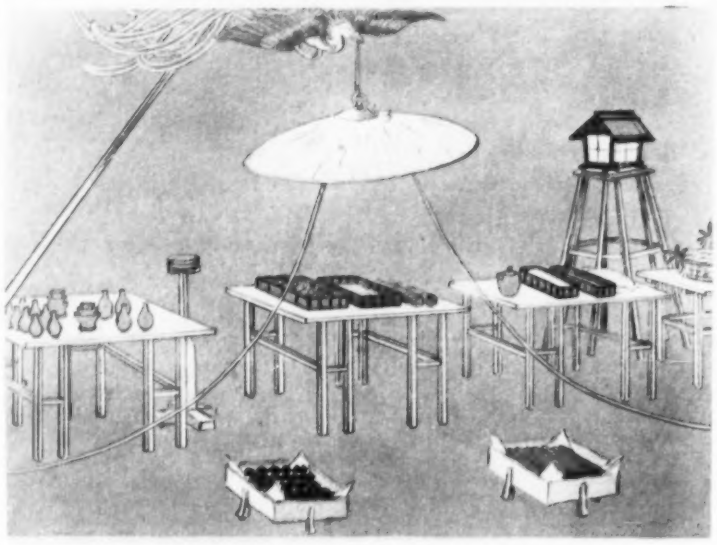
(Continued).

pyjamas at the gangway, collect his scattered life-boats, and see a warm drink into him before they turn to hunt the slayer. The drifters, punching and reeling up and down their ten-mile line of traps; the outer trawlers drawing the very teeth of Death with water-sodden fingers are grateful for their low, guarded signals; and when the Zeppelin's revealing star-shell cracks darkness open above him, the answering crack of the invisible destroyers' guns comforts the busy mine-layer. Big cruisers talk to them, too; and, what is more, they talk back to the cruisers. Sometimes they draw fire—pinkish spurts of light—a long way off, where Fritz is trying to coax them over a mine-field he has just laid; or they steal on Fritz in the midst of his job, and the horizon rings with barking, which the inevitable neutral who saw it all reports as 'a heavy fleet action in the North Sea.' The sea after dark can be as alive as the woods of summer nights. Everything is exactly where you don't expect it, and the shyest creatures are the furthest away from their holes. Things boom overhead like bitterns, or scutter alongside like hares, or arise dripping and hissing from below like otters. It is the destroyers' business to find out what their business may be through all the long night, and to help or hinder accordingly. Dawn sees them pitch-poling insanely between head-seas, or hanging on to bridges that sweep like scythes from one forlorn horizon to the other. . . . Meantime, there is a large and unlovely water, inhabited by plain men in severe boats, who endure cold, exposure, wet, and monotony almost as heavy as their responsibilities. Charge them with heroism—but that needs heroism, indeed! Accuse them of patriotism, they become ribald. Examine into the records of the miraculous work they have done and are doing. They will assist you, but with perfect sincerity they will make as light of the valour and forethought shown as of the ends they have gained for mankind. The Service takes all work for granted. It knew long ago that certain things would have to be done, and it did its best to be ready for them."

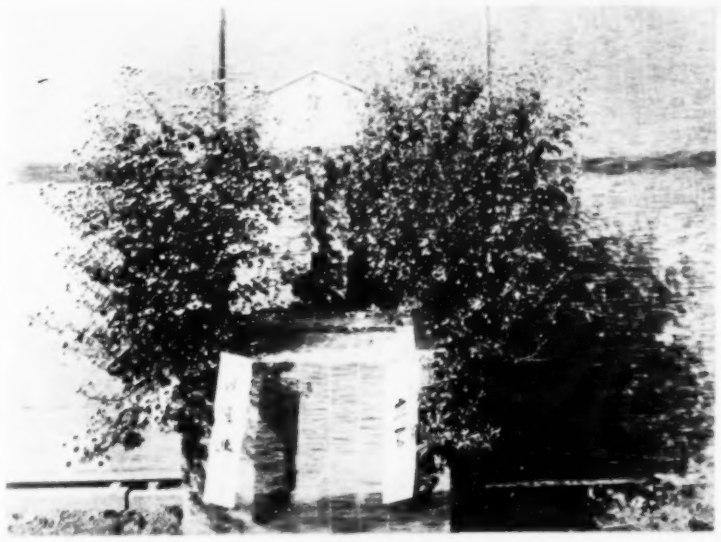
Apropos of the drawing of a motor-boat speaking another craft, the writer says: "If the Motor-Boat Reserve cannot so far claim a German submarine 'scalp' of its very own . . . it has the satisfaction of knowing that it has more than once been instrumental in effecting the capture or destruction of the furtive foe. A patrol vessel has on occasion received information as to the whereabouts and course of a submarine recently sighted; and such information, conveyed at all speed to the proper quarter, has resulted in the laying of a pack of lean destroyers upon the quarry's track." The writer of our article also mentions with what enthusiasm a number of amateur yachtsmen seized the opportunity, when the Motor-Boat Reserve was formed, of taking service in the new force.—*[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

CURIOUSLY UNLIKE OUR OWN CORONATION PICTURES

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLI

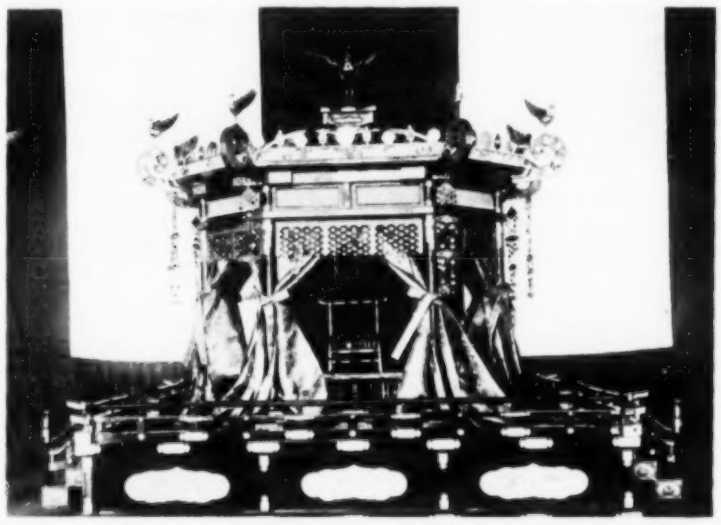


WITH THE PEACOCK UMBRELLA ABOVE IT: A FEAST PREPARED FOR THE IMPERIAL ANCESTORS.



CULTIVATED SPECIALLY FOR THE ENTHRONEMENT AT KYOTO: CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ENTHRONEMENT: "BANZAI" DANCERS BEFORE THE EMPEROR.



IN THE HALL OF "CORONATION" AT KYOTO: THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

IN HER DRESS FOR THE ENTHRONEMENT CEREMONY: A LADY OF THE JAPANESE COURT.

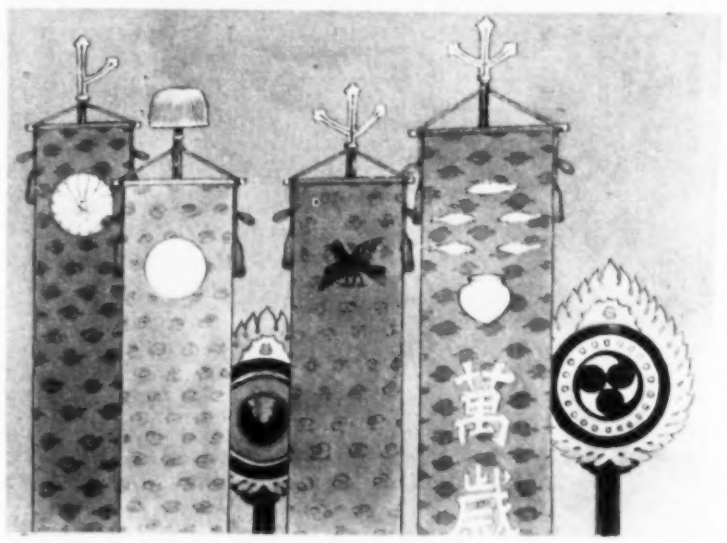
IN ARCHERS' DRESS OF OLDEN DAYS: HIGH OFFICIALS IN ONE OF THE PROCESSIONS.

As was pointed out in the "Times" not long ago, the first Article of the Constitution of the Empire of Japan reads: "The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal." In consequence, it is not a matter for wonder that the Imperial Coronation Commission had a heavy task before it. "Coronation," by the way, is not strictly correct; "enthronement" would be better. The origins of the ceremonies go back to "the twilight era of the nation's life a thousand years ago," and the old forms and ceremonies were reproduced as faithfully as possible in Kyoto. It was arranged that the Emperor and Empress should leave the Palace in Tokyo on November 8, escorting the Shrine containing the three Imperial Treasures, the Sword, Mirror (emblem of Imperial Authority), and Jewel, and, after spending the night at Nagoya, arrive in Kyoto on the Sunday. On the day of enthronement, the 10th, it was prescribed that the Emperor should address the Ancestral Spirits, reporting the happy consummation of the Day, and that he should then address his subjects from the Throne. The chief event of the following day, it was decided, should be the Gosetsu-no-Mai, or Sacred Dance, performed by five girls, daughters of

JAPANESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE IMPERIAL ENTHRONEMENT.

RECORD PRESS.

IN THE NATIONAL MANNER: AN IMPERIAL FEAST FOR THE ENTHRONEMENT.



USED AT THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: IMPERIAL "BANZAI" BANNERS AND DRUMS.

THE CEREMONY REPRODUCED EXACTLY, IN MODEL FORM: AN ENTHRONEMENT SCENE.

AFTER THE ENTHRONEMENT CEREMONY: THE SACRED DANCE BY GIRLS OF NOBLE BIRTH.

PERFORMERS BEFORE THE EMPEROR: WOMEN "BANZAI" DANCERS FOR THE ENTHRONEMENT.

IN THE DRESS OF OTHER DAYS: A HIGH OFFICIAL IN HIS UNIFORM FOR THE ENTHRONEMENT.

noble families. The fifth and sixth days were devoted to offerings of rice and other fruits of the earth to the Imperial Ancestors; while later days were to be given to less important ceremonies and rejoicings. In all, the ceremonies were to begin on November 6 and continue until the 28th. The enthronement would have then place earlier, but the death of the Empress Dowager in the spring of 1914 inaugurated another year of mourning and caused postponement. With but one exception, the Emperors of Japan for over eleven hundred years have been enthroned on the spot on which the present Emperor, the 123rd of his line, formally ascended the Throne. With regard to the first illustration, we give the following note: On the left are vessels of Sake; in the centre is the Peacock Umbrella, which hangs over the feast presented to the Imperial Ancestors; on the right are a lantern and Sacred Rice; in the foreground are boxes of cakes. Most of our illustrations are from Japanese prints; the rest are photographs of models prepared by the Imperial Coronation Commission. It may be recalled that festivities were held at the Japanese Embassy in London to synchronise with the ceremonies in Japan.

THE QUEEN DOING DUTY FOR THE KING: HER MAJESTY

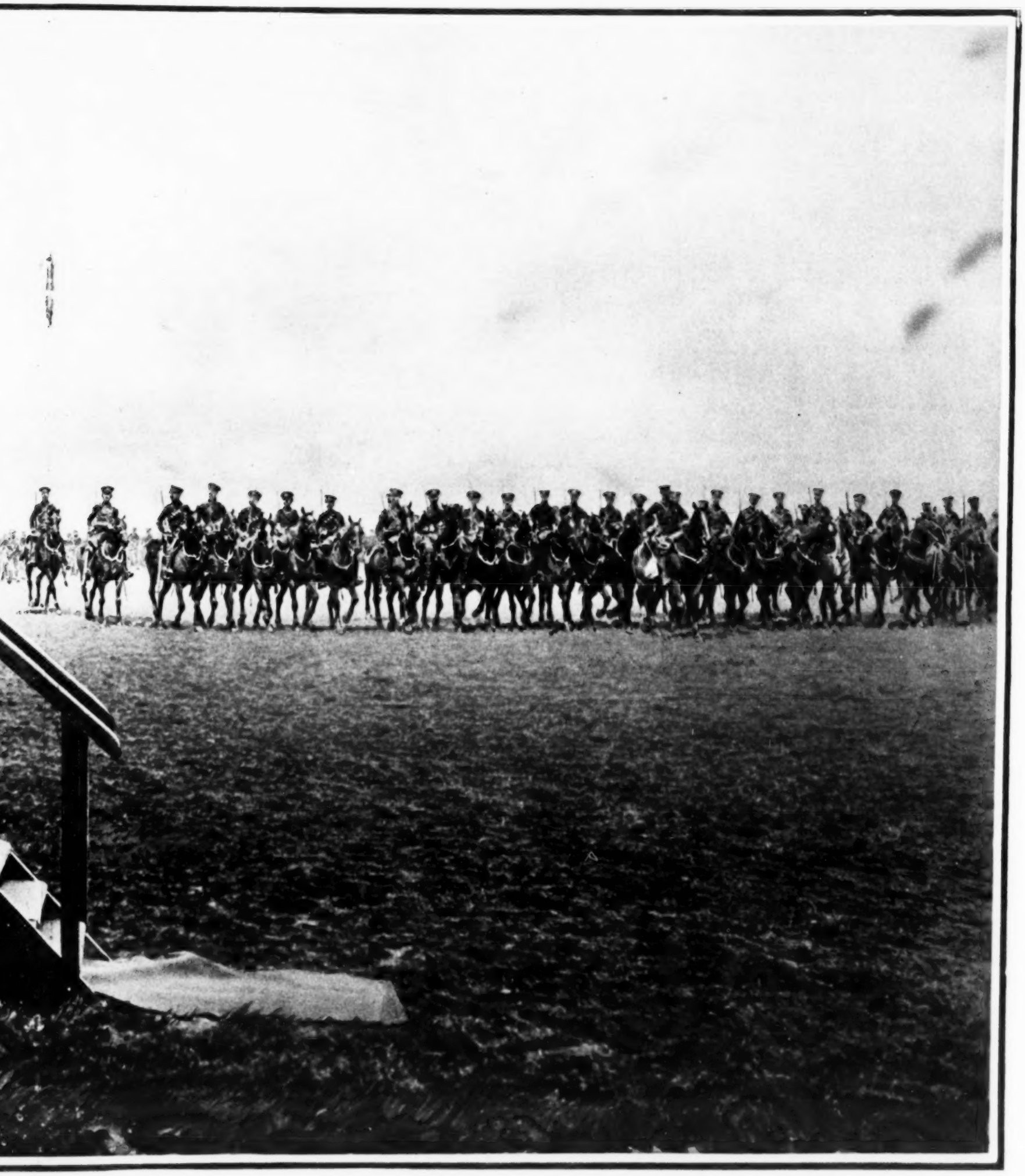
After a Photograph

WITH A MOTOR-LORRY AS SALUTING-BASE: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY P

Since the King's accident at the Front, the Queen has done duty for his Majesty on a number of occasions. For example, she has inspected troops on Salisbury Plain; has decorated Indian officers at Buckingham Palace; has inspected troops at Winchester; and has inspected troops in training in the Aldershot area. This particular function we illustrate. Accompanying her Majesty were Princess Mary and Prince Albert, who, it will be recalled, is home from the Fleet, on sick leave. Her Majesty went

INSPECTING TROOPS IN TRAINING IN THE ALDERSHOT AREA.

APH BY THE FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE ALBERT, WATCHING IRISH CAVALRY MARCH PAST.

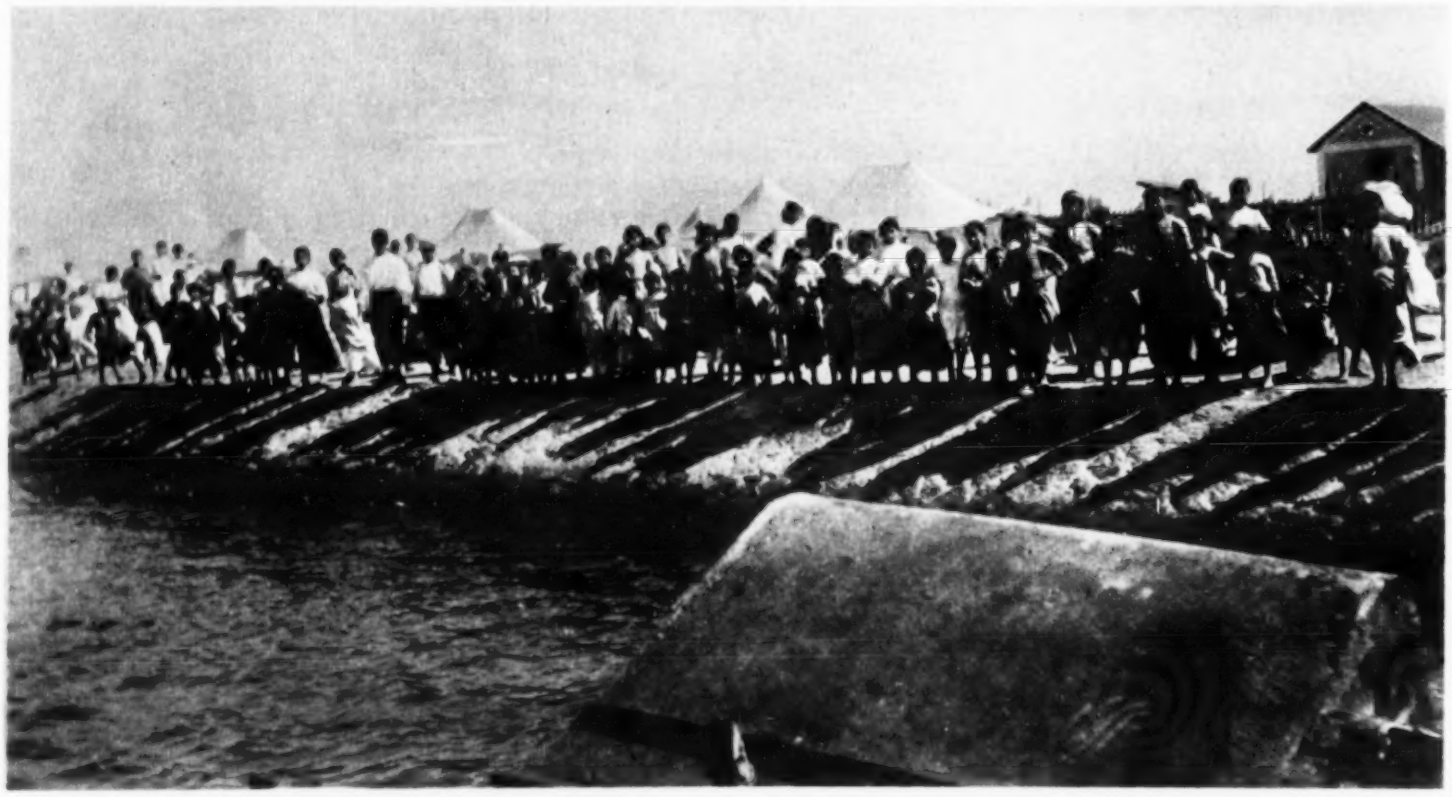
down the ranks in a motor-car, and then mounted an Army Service Corps wagon for the march-past. Having expressed great pleasure at the bearing and smartness of the men, she motored to Government House, Aldershot. In the afternoon, she visited the remainder of the Divisions, and this time a motor-lorry formed the royal stand. At the conclusion, the General Staff officers were presented to her Majesty, who handed the Commanding Officer a message from the King for communication to the units.

SAVED FROM MASSACRE: ARMENIAN REFUGEES RESCUED FROM TURKS.

THE MASSACRE OF 800,000 ARMENIANS: A REFUGEE SAVED BY THE FRENCH.

SAVED FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE TURKS: ARMENIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN RESCUED BY A FRENCH CRUISER.

SAVED BY THE FRENCH CRUISER AN OLD ARMENIAN WOMAN, SPINNING



SOME OF THE 4000 AT PORT SAID: ARMENIAN MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN SAVED BY THE FRENCH.

AWAITING A DISTRIBUTION OF BOOTS: ARMENIAN REFUGEE GIRLS.

AWAITING A DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD: ARMENIAN REFUGEE CHILDREN.

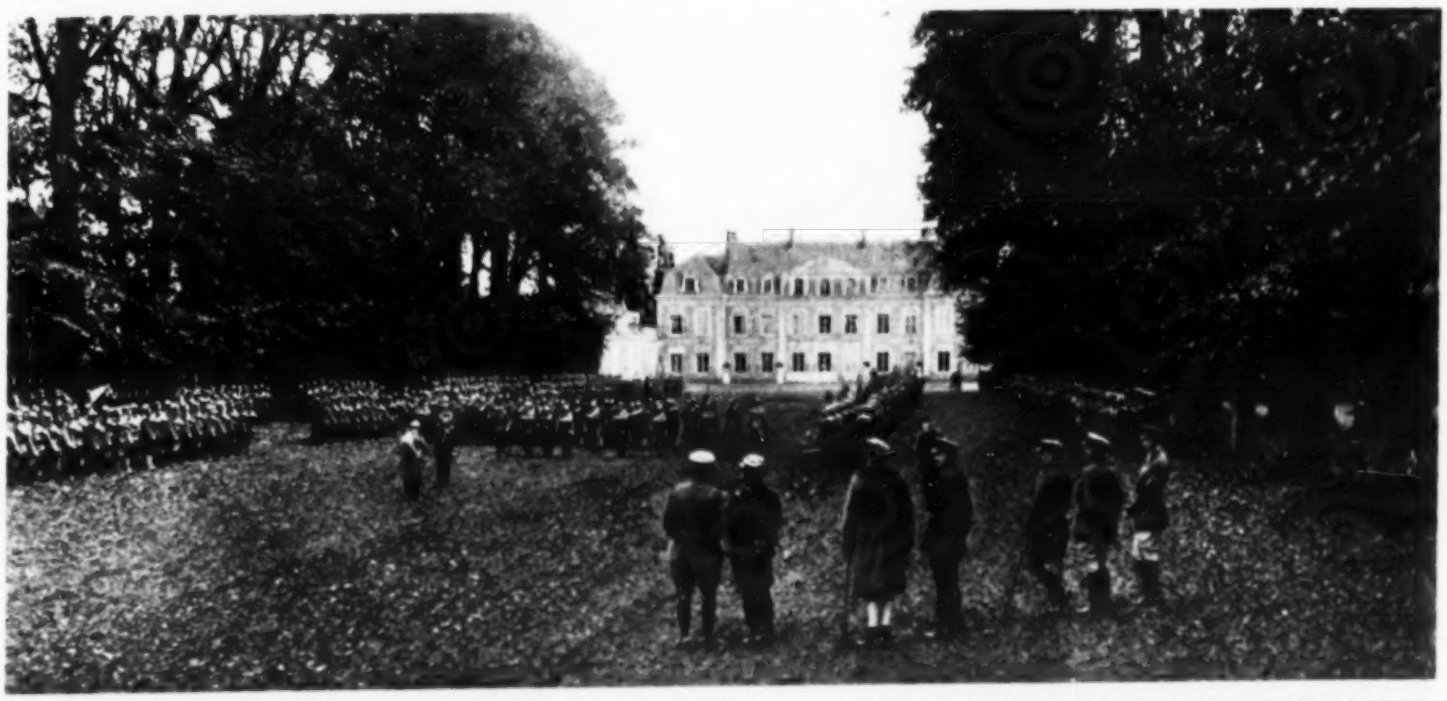
As we noted in "The Illustrated London News" when publishing photographs at the time, Lord Bryce told a horror-stricken House, in October, that his information went to show that 800,000 Armenians had been massacred since May, as "the result of a policy which, so far as can be ascertained, has been absolutely premeditated for a considerable time by the gang who are now in possession of the Government of the Turkish Empire." A ghastly story was told of shooting and bayoneting, of inhuman atrocity and of unspeakable and diabolical brutalities, of the torturing of old and young, and of women refugees going mad on the journey, and, at Trebizond, of Christians being thrown into the Black Sea and drowned, the whole Armenian population of from 8000 to 10,000 being "destroyed in that way in one afternoon." Lord Bryce added that "not Mussulman fanaticism, but the Turkish Government, was responsible." We give here photographs of some of those refugees who were rescued by a French cruiser. About 4000 of these unhappy people: old and young, men, women, and children, were saved in this way. Lord Cromer, in his speech on the atrocities, said: "The German Government cannot be acquitted of a vast moral responsibility for the massacres," unless it could be shown they "took most vigorous and most energetic steps" to stop the atrocities.

THE FIFTH CENTENARY OF AGINCOURT: OLD FOES, BROTHERS-IN-ARMS.

BRITAIN AND FRANCE FRATERNISING ON THE FIELD OF AGINCOURT: THE COMMANDER OF A BATTALION OF CHASSEURS-À-PIED NARRATING THE STORY OF THE BATTLE TO ENGLISH OFFICERS.

ALL France was genuinely moved a few months ago when the British Army, acting on its own impulse, was represented at the Joan of Arc celebrations. Recently, the French have reciprocated in the same spirit—by a special commemoration of the fifth centenary of Agincourt, which fell on October 25. The idea originated with the officers of a battalion of Chasseurs-à-Pied, stationed at Tramecourt, on the very site of Henry the Fifth's great battle of 1415. On behalf of the regiment and the Army, they specially invited the officers of a British force cantoned in the neighbourhood to join with them on the scene of the battle and commemorate the day in unison. The nobly inspired invitation was responded to in the chivalrous spirit which prompted its sending, and the headquarters staff of the nearest British Division, headed by the General in command, attended. The Chasseurs paraded for the occasion in the grand avenue of the Château of Tramecourt, where a special guard of honour was drawn up, while the companies fell in at either side under the trees. All presented arms as the British arrived. The guests were received and greeted with utmost heartiness by the French officers, and then the Colonel of the Chasseurs related in detail the leading incidents of the battle, plans of which had been provided beforehand for both the British officers and the French. The Colonel pointed out the different parts of the battlefield, the

[Continued below.



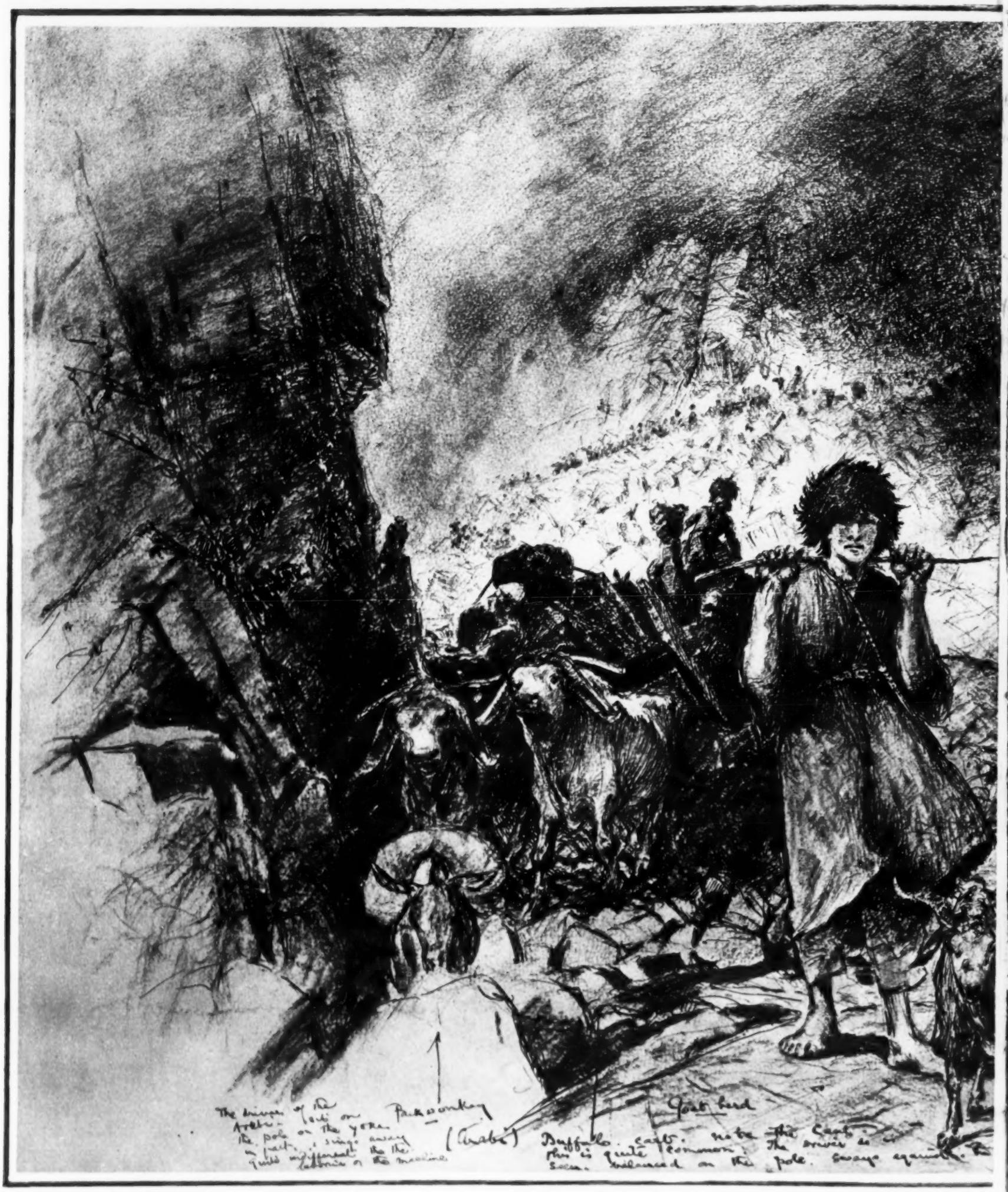
HONOURING THE GALLANT DEAD OF BOTH ENGLAND AND FRANCE ON THE FIELD OF AGINCOURT: STAFF OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY ATTENDING THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTH CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE.

[Continued.]

party moving from place to place, and the men of the battalion following. In stirring and eloquent words he paid a soldier's tribute to the brave combatants on both sides; and at the close the soldiers paraded and marched past in column of fours, and decorations won by several of them were presented. The French and British officers then went together to the great hall of the Château, where a reception was held, extreme cordiality between hosts and guests marking the proceedings. So the unique day's event ended. There could, surely, be no more convincing or finer testimony to the reality of the brotherhood-in-arms now so fortunately established between the soldiers of France and Britain, and the closeness of the tie between the nations, than this joint celebration of an ancient battle-day of honourable memory to both.

FROM OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST IN THE CAUCASUS: A

Facsimile Drawing by H. C. Seppings-Wright, our Special

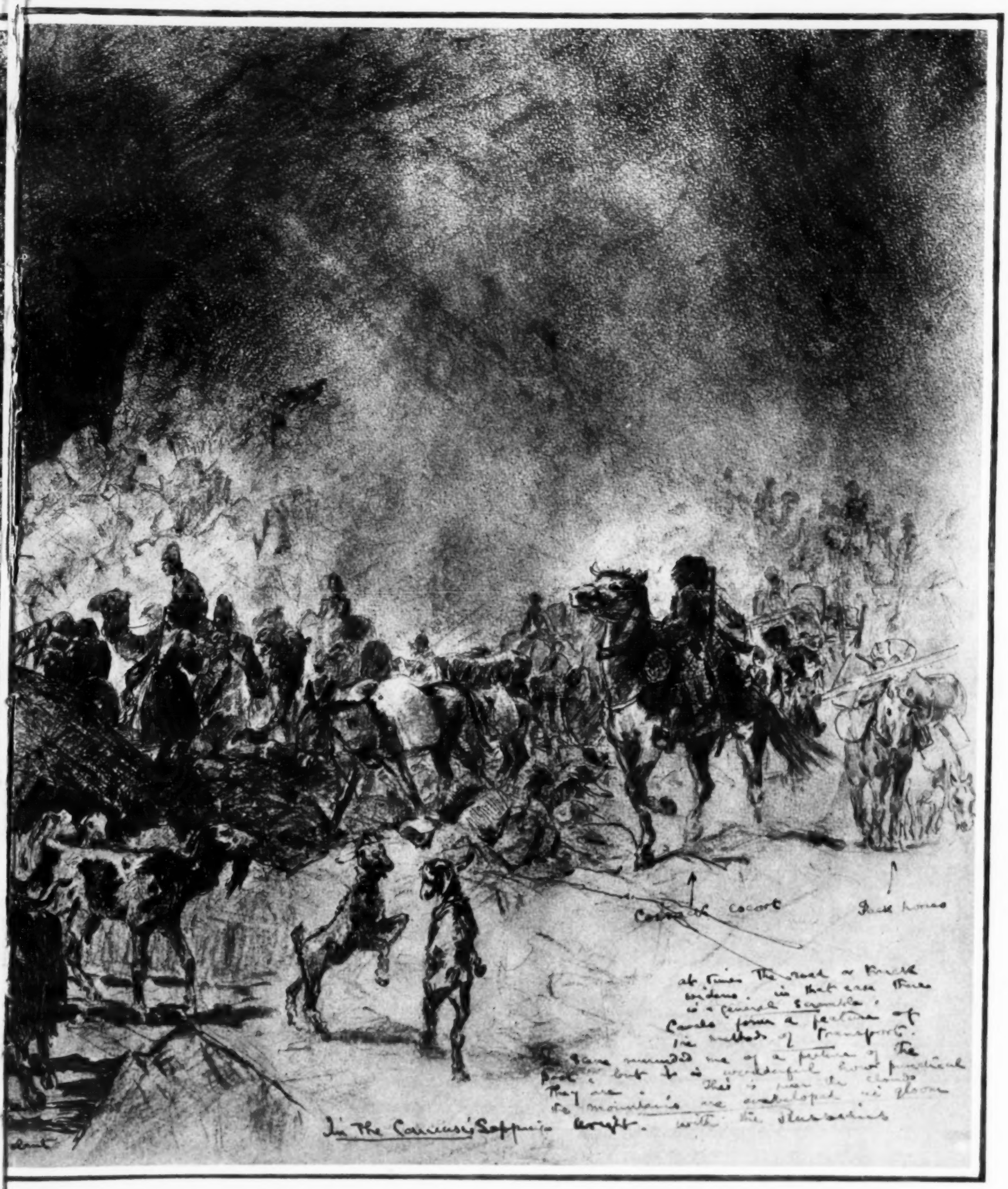


WHERE CAMELS AND BUFFALOES ARE USED FOR TRANSPORT, AND THE YOUNG KIDS SKIP OF MARCH IN

The Russian campaign in the Caucasus, where, it will be remembered, the Grand Duke Nicholas took command when his place on the Western front was assumed by the Tsar, furnishes much picturesque material for the artist. In a note on this drawing, Mr. Seppings-Wright says: "At times the road or track widens. In that case there is a general scramble. Camels form a feature of the methods of transport. The scene reminded me of a picture of the past, but it is wonderful how punctual they are. This is near the clouds; the mountains are enveloped in gloom." With regard to the buffalo-cart (*arabi*) seen on the left, and its driver, he writes: "The driver of the *arabi* sits on the pole—on the yoke, in fact—and sings away quite indifferent to the labouring of the vehicle. This type of buffalo-cart is quite common." The driver is seen balanced on the pole, swaying himself backward to counteract the angle at which the cart is tilting up. In the centre foreground is a bare-foot goatherd, with his playful charges, which somehow, in this setting, recall the Biblical metaphor—"the mountains

REMARKABLE DRAWING OF RUSSIANS ON THE MARCH.

ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CAUCASUS.



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: A PICTURESQUE AND OLD-WORLD SCENE ON THE RUSSIAN LINE THE CAUCASUS.

skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep." Beyond the goats may be seen some camels, and on the right are a mounted Cossack and a pack-horse. Sometimes the work of the Russian troops in the Caucasian mountains resembles that of the Italian Alpini. "Near the village of Teve," said a recent Petrograd *communiqué*, "north of Lake Tortum, our scouts, who had descended a precipice by means of ropes, dispersed by a surprise raid Turkish units, capturing a gun." On December 1, Petrograd announced: "On the Caucasian front, south of Lake Van, the Turks after two days' fighting in the region of the village of Varkunis, were driven out of two fortified positions. They are in full flight towards the west, pursued by our troops." On the 3rd, it was announced: "On the coast south of Lake Van, our advanced guards, pursuing the retreating troops from the direction of Varkunis, approached Bitlis in the same march. For some days past a snowstorm has been raging along the whole front and all the mountains are covered with snow."—*(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)*

RUSSIA'S MOST DREADED CAVALRY: COSSACKS ON DUTY IN THE SNOW.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.

"ACTIVITY ON THE CAUCASIAN FRONT HAS BEEN HAMPERED BY THE FRESH SNOW": COSSACKS ON DUTY.

OF ALL THE SOLDIERS OF OUR ALLIES MOST USED TO SUCH WEATHER CONDITIONS: COSSACKS ON DUTY IN THE SNOW.

It was reported the other day, on the authority of the Turkish Army Headquarters: "Activity on the Caucasian front has been hampered by the fresh snow, which is in places ten feet deep; and also by cyclones." It need scarcely be pointed out nowadays that of all the soldiers of our Allies those of Russia are best able, perhaps, to withstand such weather conditions. Not only are they naturally hardy; but their training makes them peculiarly fit for the work they have to do. The Cossack, too, it must be remembered, is a soldier all his life, holding his lands in exchange for military service. He serves as a soldier with his regiment for twelve years continuously.

Born 1820—
still going strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "You get your letters home, censored, eh?"

CANADIAN: "Yes, but we just put, 'like Johnnie Walker,' then those at home know we are 'still going strong!'"

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LORD REDESDALE'S MEMORIES.

FROM his opening lines Lord Redesdale captures the attention of his reader, and sets him in tune for the long but by no means wearisome journey they are to make together. The author's writing is like his portrait. You know when you see the man how he will talk. For this book is just good talk, yet so contrived that it makes good writing. It is a trick, perhaps a secret, known to those who have served their country through a long and varied experience at home and abroad. When such men sit down at last to write their memories they achieve something peculiarly charming. For once again the style is the man, and the man is the style. Lord Roberts had the knack; and later Sir Frederick Stephenson's memoirs showed exactly the same tone and temper, the same crisp, cheerful power of telling a story, and handling great themes lightly and well. Instances could be multiplied indefinitely. In "Memories" (Hutchinson) Lord Redesdale, better known as Mr. Bertram Mitford, has set down the experiences of a diplomatist, a statesman, and a man of letters. He takes us back to Eton in 1846, when he entered. Hawtrey was then Headmaster, and of that great character Lord Redesdale draws an admirable portrait. At breakfast with the Head he used to meet Guizot—how far away it all seems!—and he shows us an Eton where the eighteenth century and many an earlier century still lingered. Lord Redesdale's cousin, Algernon Charles Swinburne, was several years junior to him at school, but the boys saw a good deal of each other. Lord Redesdale's account of the poet's boyhood is priceless, and is told with just the right touch of romance. We see the beginnings of Swinburne's devotion to the Elizabethan dramatists, and hear the reason. The portrait of the elfin child, with his shock of blazing red hair and his exquisite features, as he sat perched cross-legged in a window of the Library, and pored upon Massinger or Ford, or Beaumont and Fletcher, is worthy to be set with that of Shelley at University College. Lord Redesdale says he wished his sketch to make part of Mr. Gosse's forthcoming biography of Swinburne, but the biographer insisted on its appearance here. From Eton we pass to Oxford and the "F.O.," and live in a world of quaint ghosts. These pages are an implicit commentary on much literature of the last half-century and more. We assist at the Duke of Wellington's funeral; we visit the London of Leech and Dickens. And we come down to our own times, and find Lord Redesdale a modern, alert, and of this hour also, although he well knows the bitterness of having seen so many comrades pass on before. The views of foreign Chancelleries are intimate and fascinating, for all their discretion. The defence of King Edward is prompted by a generous devotion, and may even yet qualify the too dry light of a former much-discussed portrait. The latter was written too soon. A desire to yield nothing to sentiment and to write with perfect fairness for posterity obscured those essentials of the King's character which the hand of a friend has here recorded with loving fidelity.

Queen Mary has again entrusted the production of her Christmas card to Messrs. Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, and 2, Amen Corner, E.C. Her Majesty's card this year has a picture in colour by Mr. J. Finnemore, R.I., of Edward III and Queen Philippa, with the Black Prince and their other children, in the Castle grounds at Woodstock in 1345. We have received from the same publishers a number of other attractive Christmas cards and calendars, illustrated by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo, R.O.I., Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., and other well-known artists. The subjects are all of a naval or military character, illustrating the work of British sailors on board ship and soldiers at the front or on duty at home.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE TAKING OF SALONIKA BY THE GREEKS: THE MILITARY AND RELIGIOUS FÊTE AT ATHENS KING CONSTANTINE STANDING BEFORE THE TENT.

Salonika, the name of which city is figuring so prominently in the Chancelleries of Europe, only came into the possession of Greece three years ago, as spoil of the First Balkan War. It was taken from the Turks by the Greek Army, led by the present King, then the Crown Prince Constantine, by a daring attack, specially designed as a political move to forestall an approaching Bulgarian force in seizing the city. In commemoration of the acquisition, a special anniversary fête was held this year both at Athens and at Salonika.

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Do not make the mistake of sending the wrong kind of Pen to the front. Send an Onoto, the Pen the soldier wants because it never leaks, needs no filler, and is always ready for use. You send it out full of ink ready to write. The Military size exactly fits the Soldier's Pocket.

MONTE CARLO.

TRADITION has much to answer for in respect to the reputation attributed to the Principality of Monaco the beauty spot of the Riviera, the rendezvous of rank and fashion, considered at one time as the exclusive resort of the plutocrat and now occupying a position envied on all sides. Half a century ago the little realm presided over by the Grimaldi family was very sparsely tenanted. Mrs. Grundy, then in her prime, declined to countenance the place where the late lessee of Homburg had erected a temple to Fortune when Germany considered that the numerous spas which had been created, or, rather, founded on the love of the board of green cloth, the golden calf of the Teuton, no longer needed the swift speeding "roulette" or the warning cry of "*Rien ne va plus!*" of the dealer at "trente-et-quarante." Happily, the "Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco" became the fairy godmother of the Principality, and the dwellers within the limits of the Principality were enfranchised from the bugbear of our more modern times: taxation. There is no "Vehmgericht" under the guise of Income Tax Commission, and, in point of fact, the toilers and spinners, with all those who live under the beneficent rule of Prince Albert of Monaco, are free from taxation of every kind. Those who worship at the shrine of Fortune pay their proportionate share of the cost of the State. It is an error to suppose that the charge for living is excessive at Monte Carlo. There are no longer any of the monopolies granted in former times. There are open markets with supplies coming in from all sides from Spain, Algiers, and Corsica, without mentioning Italy; food rates are lower than in any other important town along the Riviera. War prices have been adopted by the different hotels where good board, and bedroom, inclusive, can be obtained from ten shillings a day; a tariff which compares favourably with that imposed by similar establishments elsewhere. The glorious sunshine, the mild climate and the sea-air are not taxed or represented in the bill when the Rabelaisian quarter-hour precedes the departure of the visitor. But for the distance dividing London from the Principality and, perhaps, the need of conforming to the exigencies of the civil and military authorities, warranted by actual hostilities, Monte Carlo, with the ruling prices for food and accommodation, as well as the rentals of villas and furnished apartments, would be full of those who sought to shelter themselves and their families from Zeppelin raids and the growing irksomeness of the situation further north. One must consider that there is one great compensation for all the formalities to be complied with previous to the journey from London. There is one enormous advantage through the fact that the Riviera, as well as France generally, has been freed from the presence of the German who, within the past ten years, had made himself most objectionable. He came as a conqueror, arrogant, and unscrupulous, pushing and driving as though he had supreme rights, and as though the Kaiser had already annexed sunshine and sea view. He is not regretted. His room is preferred to his company. This fact has been confirmed by the successful season claimed by Monte Carlo last year. Those who had no urgent claims on their time elsewhere were content to remain and enjoy that ideal summer weather which prevailed and induced the Société des Bains de Mer to lay further claim to the *raison d'être* of its title by commencing to establish a new and more extended organisation for its sea-bathing at Larvotto within five minutes of the Casino with a service of motor-cars. The season now promises to be a brilliant one. Similar difficulties to those recorded last year, when the pigeon-shooting had to be suppressed from the usual programme through inability to obtain birds, have been experienced, but racing will be resumed on the Var course, and the international gathering on the western side of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice will be a popular function with the cosmopolitan visitors to the Riviera. Lawn-tennis and golf were in high favour last season, and there is every promise that the increasing number of visitors to the Riviera this year will give even more animation to courts and links during the winter, although the call for recruits may deprive Mont Agel, that magnificent and model golfing club, of more than one player. Amusements and attractions will not be wanting at Monte Carlo. Afternoon and evening concerts, with the admirable string band of Maestro Ganne, will be enhanced by the operatic performance in February, March, and April, organised under the management of M. Gunsbourg, who secured the services of Caruso last season; and, finally, arrangements have been made for a series of excellent ballets, including the best talent from Milan, Petrograd, and Moscow.

WHERE IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER: SOCIETY AT MONTE CARLO, THE FAVOURITE BEAUTY-SPOT OF THE RIVIERA.

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"Be temperate – drink **Dewar's Whisky.**"

LADIES' PAGE.

THERE are really, it seems, Paris Fashions! The clever designers there, who live and support many other people by ever devising some new thing for women's adornment, are not absolutely crushed by the position of their own and other countries, for they have still a large field to reap in the United States and in South America. Hence they have devised full and short skirts, and rumour says that it is their fond hope to induce the women of those countries that are not at war to allow the insidious commencement of crinoline—"just a line of stiffening, Madam, to hold out the underskirt." One is loth to believe that such despicable folly can ever return in these days of wide effort and ever-growing proof of capacity on the part of women. There will always be certain classes, however, who will adopt any novelty that will make the wearer noticed. Some French actresses, for example, wearing the new very short skirt showing much of the legs, have adopted a Mediæval absurdity, and are clothing the twin feet so displayed in different colours. In a new Parisian theatrical production, one actress has a green-stockinged and booted foot and a white one, and another shows a red and a black-clothed leg. These odd stockings and shoes are, of course, accompanied by excessively short, full skirts. But ladies do not wear such absurd garments. Quietness and restraint are almost universal at all our Society gatherings. Those who have new frocks do—because they may just as well as not—have them made moderately wide in the skirt, and short enough to show the ankle; but the excessively wide and childishly short skirts are not being made by the best houses.

Black is very much worn; in too many cases, alas! as a token of personal bereavement, but in many instances for no other reason than that it suits the mood of the wearer and the circumstances of her friends. Of course, black and white in combination is an admirable idea; so refined and yet effective and becoming to every sort of complexion. Colour is very precious too: it has been well said that "colour is the salvation of the impecunious," for with a few wisps of bright things a clever girl and her modiste can get good effects in tone and tint; while black, if it be not fresh, but in the least rusty, and white that is not spotless, give an effect of shabbiness and poverty to the wearer. Therefore the magpie combination is most successfully worn in handsome materials. Black velvet, of the supple, well-draping chiffon variety that is now manufactured, is a very favourite material for gowns for afternoon wear. Another frequent choice just now by well-dressed women is the very dark brown called tête-de-negre; it is almost as quiet as black itself. These dark velvet gowns often have the corsage almost entirely composed of chiffon. There may be a full under-bodice of white veiled by transparent black, with an *empiècement* of lace or of rich embroidery at the bosom; and again, revers turned back to display a lace vest to the bust or the waist are still liked. A high belt, set corselet fashion on to the skirt, and either of the same material or of some rich fabric, veiled with a transparent or semi-transparent fabric, such as Georgette crêpe, Ninon, and the like (this delicate tissue also forming the top of the corsage), is another popular style. Again, a fragile material is seen veiling, but not concealing, a strip of bright embroidery or brocade set across the bust, or just below it.

A SIMPLE DINNER-FROCK

Of cream tulle with platinum and steel embroidery. The sleeves are long, but are made off the shoulders. A touch of colour is given by the little wreath of pink roses and tulle bow worn round the throat.

These are the visiting gowns; for the more sturdy and useful frocks, rather full skirts in taffetas or cloth with basqued coats in velvet, plain to the throat, and finished for the most part with all-round fur collars, are liked. Some of the coats are made Russian-fashion; that is to say, fastened up the left side to the shoulder, belted but only loosely, and falling in full folds to the knee. Other coats are quite short, only showing a natty basque a few inches deep, slightly belted in to the waist; and other short coats again are loose and all but shapeless. Patch pockets are put on the skirts when the design is suitable, and are sometimes of a different material from the skirt, in which case "frogs" or braidings on the coat will harmonise with the pockets. Many tailor-made coats and skirts are absolutely simple. The long, tight coat of last year, however, is as markedly out of fashion as the narrow skirt; the only thing to say about the close-cut garments of last year is that they practically are still worn. In every centre of population, where many women assemble who, in happier times, follow Fashion's changes pretty closely, nine out of ten at least are calmly wearing their last year's clothes, and don't mind in the least who knows it! Still, if one has to get a new coat, it will be cut with a wide and swirling skirt part, and probably be edged round with fur. Obviously, a full-dress skirt must be accompanied by a full coat, or else by a very short one.

Women are being called for in so many new occupations that a large number of those who are absolutely untrained to the conditions of working for wages, as well as to the particular work required, must volunteer. There is no doubt a considerable number of young women who have never had any idea of going into the outside labour market, who now feel called upon to try what they can do to meet the demands of industrial life, and many of them will be glad of the chance. But employers ought to be reminded that such girls cannot be justly and fairly compared with young men who have from childhood understood that they were to mix with and fight their way in a world of business competition, and who have had also the training of real life from early youth upwards. In all probability, parents will be compelled after the war to bring up girls more like boys in this respect. It is, therefore to be hoped, in the interests of women workers, that men in good positions, captains of industry and heads of commerce, will train their daughters to take the lead and management. Men who own large businesses, at any rate when they have no sons to succeed them, might well reflect on the possibility and wisdom of bringing a suitable daughter into the firm, as soon as she leaves her High School, both for her own benefit and the good of the women who will have to work in offices and factories in future.

FILOMENA.

TAKE URODONAL

Every Night at Bedtime.

"I have pleasure in stating that Urodonal preserves youth of mind and body.

"I have used it with great benefit."

URIC ACID CAUSES ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.

Arterio-sclerosis claims more than 300,000 victims annually in France alone. Many people are affected by arterio-sclerosis without being aware of the fact. Dr. Jacquet recently described as follows an often unrecognised form of this disease at the Medical Congress of Geneva:—

"The symptoms of arterio-sclerosis are characterised by a change of disposition in the patient. Such people become irritable, incapable of sustained effort; their intellectual faculties are impaired; memory is unreliable, especially in regard to names and figures. These disorders are accompanied by headache and vertigo, the latter being generally spontaneous, or else occurring after a change of position, or on getting out of bed. In many cases the patient complains of buzzing noises in the ears. The condition can be improved, but in the generality of cases it remains stationary for a number of years, death ensuing as a result of cerebral apoplexy, sclerosis of the coronary vessels, or any other form of intercurrent disease."

Arterio-sclerosis can undoubtedly be avoided, seeing that the cause is well known of this characteristic hardening of the arteries, as a result of which they become transformed into a kind of horny membrane, as hard and brittle as *clay piping*, thereby hindering circulation of the blood and causing dangerous complications, such as impaired action of the heart or kidneys, haemorrhage of the brain, &c., with accompanying symptoms of shortness of breath, migraine, palpitations, angina pectoris, &c.

A distinguished Professor of the French Faculty of Medicine has shown by means of clever experiments that the presence of uric acid in the blood induces arterio-sclerosis. It has, in fact, been proved beyond doubt that arterio-sclerosis is the final result **of the progressive alteration of the walls of the blood vessels, owing to the continuous action of blood loaded with uric acid and purins.**

Professor Lancereaux (late President of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) clearly stated that—

"If the pathological history and parentage of sufferers from arterio-sclerosis are carefully enquired into, it will generally be found that the parents as well as their offspring belong to the large family of *arthritic subjects*." (Lecture to the Académie de Médecine.) This eminent authority has, moreover, recommended the use of URODONAL in his **Treatise on Gout**.

If, therefore, it is an established fact that arterio-sclerosis (in the same way as rheumatism) is caused through excess of uric acid, the remedy is provided by the use of URODONAL, the unrivalled solvent and eliminator of uric acid, which is **37 times more powerful than lithia,** and which also eliminates the purins and other body poisons.

Dr. Frenkel (Paris Faculty) gives testimony to these facts as a result of clinical experience. He states:—

"It will be well to note the importance of the excellent results obtained in arterio-sclerosis by the inducement of frequent and repeated elimination of uric acid by the administration of URODONAL. This is an interesting fact, inasmuch as this method of treatment is *absolutely harmless*, and is not contra-indicated in any circumstance whatsoever, this point being noteworthy in the case of patients whose kidney functions are defective."

Therefore, avoid arterio-sclerosis by the taking of frequent courses of URODONAL, which cannot but benefit your health.

DR. DAURIAN, *Paris Medical Faculty.*

URODONAL, 7s. per bottle (3 bottles 20s). Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. From all Chemists, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, Keppells *Foreign Chemists, 169, Piccadilly, London*, from whom can be obtained, post free, a full explanatory booklet on URODONAL, giving Doctors' Opinions and Interesting Points on How to Maintain Health.

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With Patent "Blacktoun" Fire.

THE substantial construction, simple mechanism, and handsome appearance of the Carron Range, stamp it as a Range apart—a Range offering an unrivalled culinary equipment suited to all requirements.

The advantage of being able to watch the progress of cooking through the GLASS OVEN DOOR, with its useful foot opener—thus averting any fall in temperature—is a most desirable feature; while the hot closet with its sliding doors, removable bottom grate, folding down front grate, cast-iron flues, etc., are valuable aids to utility and increased service in the kitchen.

The patent "Blacktoun" fire, when fitted to the Carron Range, as illustrated, is another important improvement, allowing only HEATED AIR to enter the fire, thus ensuring a greater heat, less smoke, complete combustion and consequent saving in fuel.

Sold by all Ironmongers and Hardware Merchants.

Write to-day for No. 54N Carron Range Pamphlet, free, which gives full particulars.

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All our Furs are of a particularly reliable quality. They are made on the premises, under thoroughly hygienic conditions, by our own highly skilled furriers from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The shape, fit, and finish are invariably excellent.

NATURAL MUSQUASH COAT *as sketch*, perfectly cut, in full lines, finished with new collar of rich dark skunk, and lined with rich quality silk.

23½ Gns.

Seal Musquash Coat with Skunk collar and cuffs, **29 Gns.**

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400 GENTLEMEN'S KNITTED WOOLLEN JACKETS made by a famous Scotch House from high grade Shetland yarns, mostly with sleeves. In greys, greens, browns, Lovat and Heather mixtures.
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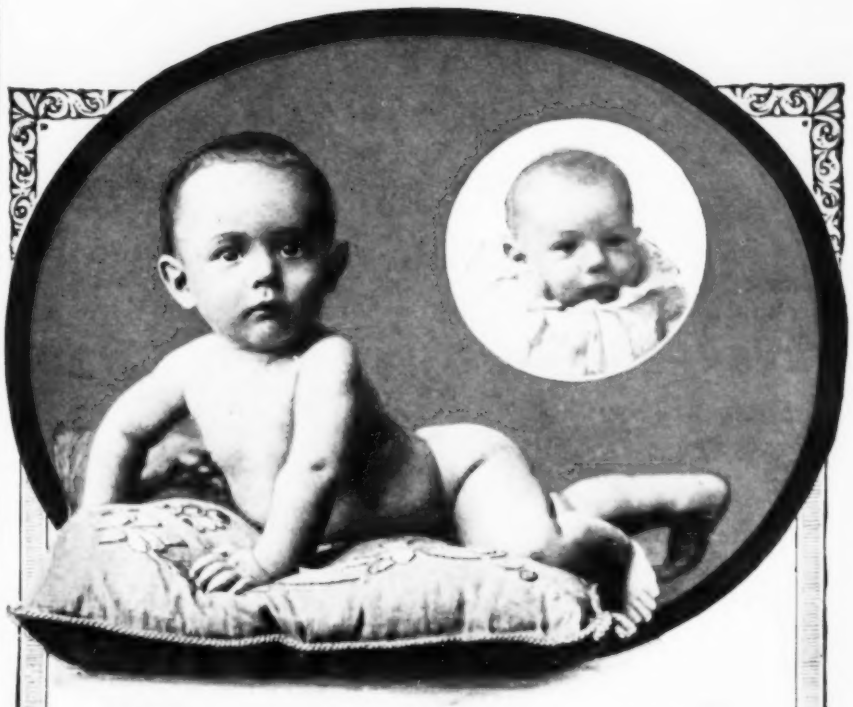

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After all the evidence that has been furnished from mothers and doctors—that Mellin's Food *is* the best of all foods for every baby—the Food to build sturdy health, step by step—*the* Food to ensure and enhance Baby's well-being at every stage of infancy and childhood—after all this, is it possible to have *any* doubt?

The Fresh Milk Food

Fresh cow's milk, and fresh cow's milk alone, contains very valuable vital elements, but it is far too great a tax upon baby's digestive powers.

Mellin's Food humanises fresh cow's milk. It makes it readily digestible by even the feeblest child, yet preserves all its vital properties. Further—the "Mellin" diet can be instantly adapted not only to suit perfectly the requirements of a babe from birth, but those of any child of any age or constitution. Its value has been proved times without number.

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The value of 'Mellin's'—*the Fresh Milk Food*—has always been recognised by medical men. A leading doctor writes: "I find that Mellin's Food, made up with fresh cow's milk, is far superior to foods mixed with water only."

Neither *dried* nor *sterilised* milk can equal *fresh milk*. Sir Thomas Barlow has stated that certain maladies were introduced by sterilisation, and that it was well known that children fed on sterilised milk developed scurvy and rickets.

Feed *your* Baby on Mellin's Food—and you can be sure that Baby's health and strength will develop surely and well.

Mellin's Food

The Nearest Food to Nature's Food

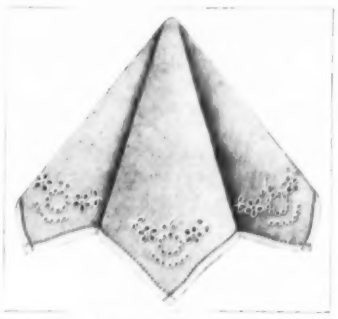
This Book a Sample Free

Simply send your name and address and you will receive a generous sample of Mellin's Food, together with an interesting and authoritative book for Mothers on "The Care of Infants."

Address: The Sample Dept., Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, London, S.E.

Christmas in the Shops.

THIS is essentially a year for useful Christmas gifts, such as fine linen goods in their many forms. Excellent Irish goods for presents are supplied by post from Messrs. Hamilton's, "The White House," Portrush, Ireland. Every kind of Irish special product in linen is to be had from them, and Irish laces, crochet or the more costly Youghal; embroideries can be done to order, or are always ready in two-letter monograms, or initials on handkerchiefs. Most acceptable would be a dress or suit-length of the Irish homespuns for which "The White House," Portrush, is famous. Handkerchiefs being always welcome presents, Messrs. Hamilton make a feature of them. The lady's handkerchief illustrated is of fine linen, hemstitched, and embroidered in a new cut-work design, and costs only 7s. 6d. for half-a-dozen. In these days a useful present is an Antrim travelling-rug, warm, reversible, and generous value at 25s. It is about sixty by seventy-two inches in size. Messrs. Hamilton will send particulars of their specialities, which include lucky charms in green Connemara marble; a shamrock brooch, for instance, costing only 1s. 6d. mounted in silver, or 7s. in a setting of gold.



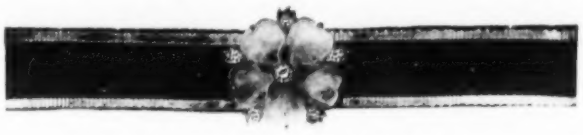
A Dainty Handkerchief for a Lady.
Messrs. Hamilton and Co., The White House, Portrush.

There should be a hearty welcome everywhere for "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book," published by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, as all the profits from its sale are being devoted to the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund, and will be utilised to assist our brave wounded whom Mr. C. Arthur Pearson and his staff have housed at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, where they are taught work to enable them eventually to return to their homes and earn their living. Literary men and artists have freely contributed to make the volume a prize possession for everybody, among the list of contributors of tales, verse, and illustrations being Messrs. G. K. Chesterton, John Galsworthy, Anthony Hope, H. G. Wells, Edmund Gosse, Eden Phillpotts, Austin Dobson, Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., and Hugh Thomson, whose picture, "The Blinded Soldier," in colour, forms the frontispiece.

Good taste and good value are points never sought in vain in the productions of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, and the display of jewellery and plate at their great

The "Mappin" Bracelet Watch.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 158-162, Oxford Street, W.

Oxford Street headquarters, for Christmas gifts, is admirably varied. There are many useful things to send to officers at the front, and many others for ladies working at home for the war, and a feature this year is extreme moderation of price. The strong and shapely bracelet-watch, for instance, which we illustrate costs only £5 in 9-carat gold, or £10 in 18-carat, and is most useful to an officer on active service. As an inexpensive and charming present for ladies there is a choice of hundreds of tasteful jewels, and the moderation of their price may be judged by the cost of the very charming bracelet or neck-band of diamonds and softly lucent moonstones illustrated, the price being only £7 10s. Silverware for the table, tea and coffee services, novel frames, handsome hand-bags, and scores of other items, from a few shillings to hundreds of pounds, make a visit to Messrs. Mappin and Webb's show-rooms a delight, and



An Artistic Diamond and Moonstone Bracelet or Neckband.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 158-162, Oxford Street, W.

ensure the securing of a present that will be a real source of pleasure to the recipient.

Now that domestic labour of all kinds is at a premium, any apparatus which helps to minimise the toil of housework is more than ever valuable to good housewives who have to manage with an irreducible minimum of help. To all such the Bissell Carpet-Sweeper comes as a real boon. It costs only from 10s. 6d., is no trouble to operate, creates no dust or dirt, and keeps a carpet in good order. It can be obtained at domestic stores and of ironmongers, or a booklet giving all particulars can be had by writing to Messrs. Markt and Co., Ltd., 98 and 100, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

The fashionable *habitués* of Bond Street and the busy man of affairs in the City are equally well catered for in the matter of jewellery, watches, clocks, and the like by the well-known house of J. W. Benson, Ltd., 25, Old Bond Street, and their show of Christmas gifts is well up to date. A booklet of Christmas presents which they will send on application shows that they have something for all kinds of recipients. We illustrate two of their regimental badge brooches, which are amongst the favourite presents of this second War Christmas, the "Royal Engineers" brooch costing only £3 3s., and the very handsome "Royal Field Artillery" badge bar-brooch, in diamonds, platinum, and gold, only £9. The badge of any regiment can be obtained at £3 3s. each, in gold, enamel, and platinum. "Active Service" wristlet-watches, with luminous figures and hands, are ideal presents for officers at the front, and cost from £3 10s.; and many other kinds of wristlet-watches are offered, together with rings at all prices and for all wearers.

The "Royal Engineers" and "Royal Field Artillery" Badge Brooches.
Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., 25, Old Bond St., W., and 62-64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

New music and songs published by Messrs. Enoch and Sons, 14 and 14A, Great Marlborough Street, comprise some attractive pieces. Among the songs is "Sylvan," with music by Mr. Landon Ronald and words by Helen Taylor, and "Red-Letter Days," four songs by the same writer, with music by Easthope Martin; also James Thomson's "Over the Bridge," set by Herbert Mathieson.

Choose Handkerchiefs

If made by Robinson & Cleaver they form ideal Christmas gifts, for their good-wearing and colour-retaining qualities are proverbial. They may be obtained at manufacturers' prices. A selection is given below.

No. 89x (as illus.) Ladies' Sheer Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs, one corner effect, about 13½ in. sq. Per doz. **11/6**
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No. 797 (as illus.) Ladies' Linen Cambric Embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches. Per dozen **12/9**

No. 9K.—Gentlemen's Superfine Mull Khaki Handkerchiefs, measuring about 20½ in. with ½ in. hem, and 19½ in. with ¾ in. hem. The finest Khaki Handkerchiefs made. Per dozen **5/7**

We have a very serviceable line of Khaki Handkerchiefs at **11½** per dozen.

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THE CORNISH RIVIERA is the Ideal Autumn and Winter resort of the British Isles, where the climatic and scenic advantages, usually associated with foreign resorts, may be enjoyed to the full.

It has a climate that is wonderfully mild and equable and well favoured with health-giving sunshine, and possesses a coast scenery and countryside of marvellous beauty. Facilities are afforded for all kinds of recreation.

Full particulars of train services and fares can be obtained at G.W.R. stations and offices, Messrs. T. Cook & Son's offices; Travel Development Agency, 62, Haymarket, S.W.; and the International Sleeping Car Company, 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.

G. W. R. FRANK POTTER, *General Manager.*

The most charming Xmas Gift of all
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is a CRYSTAL FLACON
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Among others:—

Parfum	"Chaminade"	7/6	12/6	24/6
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"	"June Roses"	4/6	6/6	12/6 &c.
"	"Sérénade" (1915 creation)	6/6	and	12/6
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Royal Dutch
Cocoa
saves ½ your cocoa because it is double strength

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TO PERMANENTLY KILL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Reader tells how she dissolved out roots and all. Why the simple, safe and painless home formula mentioned below now supersedes the dangerous electric needle, and renders all acids, pastes, powders, &c., unnecessary.

Offers to send the ingredients free of cost to *Illustrated London News* readers while her supply lasts.

To the readers of "The Illustrated London News."

At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies only affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure, from socket to root and papillæ, may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

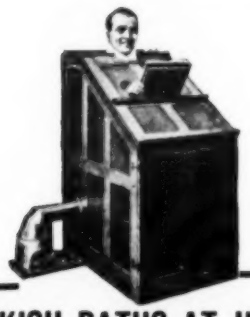
A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, &c., had all failed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charms and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of *The Illustrated London News* cares to try this liquid she need merely send me her name and address, plainly written, together with two penny stamps for return postage. I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed wrapper, and without charge of any kind, a liberal supply of the ingredients of the liquid referred to above, together with full directions for use. Women readers can then use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence as brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

K. B. FIRMIN,

(Suite 1206 D.), 133, Oxford Street, London, W.



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The recognised treatment for the cure & prevention of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c.

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GOLD WRISTLET WATCHES

With fine Antique Moire Silk Bands, adjustable for any size wrist.

18 ct. Gold Watch, £10.

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25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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Make your War-time dishes appetizing.

Plain, inexpensive dishes, such as Cold Meat, Stews, Hashes, Cheese, &c., can be made pleasing and appetizing by the addition of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

Owing to the QUALITY and concentration of its ingredients, a little of this sauce goes a long way and it is therefore most ECONOMICAL in use.

Observe the Signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

in White writing across the Red Label on every bottle

The Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE.

HAVE YOU AN OLD FOUNTAIN PEN YOU DON'T LIKE?

Let us allow for it towards a "Swan," which contains no internal mechanism to get out of order or take up ink space. Absolutely reliable and guaranteed satisfactory in every way.

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Please write for Catalogue, and send old pen for quotation of allowance.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., 79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

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Coal Tar Soap

is now known as the

Soldiers' Soap.

It Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Box of Three Tablets, 1/-

LADIES

will kindly

TAKE NOTICE

that although the Government Stamp Duty on this article has been doubled, there will be no extra charge for

Rowland's Kalydor

the world-renowned Preparation for making the Skin soft and smooth, the Complexion clear and healthy, and removing all freckles, tan, roughness, cutaneous eruptions, etc.

Its *Medicinal Properties* are unrivalled, and as a curative, healing, and soothing Preparation for Tender Skin it has been known for 70 years as the very best that can possibly be obtained. It is sold in 2/3 and 4/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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The "UNIVERSAL" Coffee Machine

Makes excellent coffee, free from the unwholesome properties caused by boiling.

Made in Nickel or Copper finish.

Makes a distinctive and useful gift, acceptable in every home.

Made in 1, 2, 3, and 4 pint sizes.

The "UNIVERSAL" Vacuum Flask.

Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber, which practically eliminates breakage.

SAFE, SANITARY, DURABLE. Retains heat for 24 hours.

An excellent Gift for our Soldiers and Sailors at home and abroad.

Made in ½-pint, 1-pint, and 2-pint sizes.

"UNIVERSAL" Household Specialties are on Sale at all first-class Ironmongers and Department Stores.

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ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Memorial Brasses & Armorial Windows.

LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

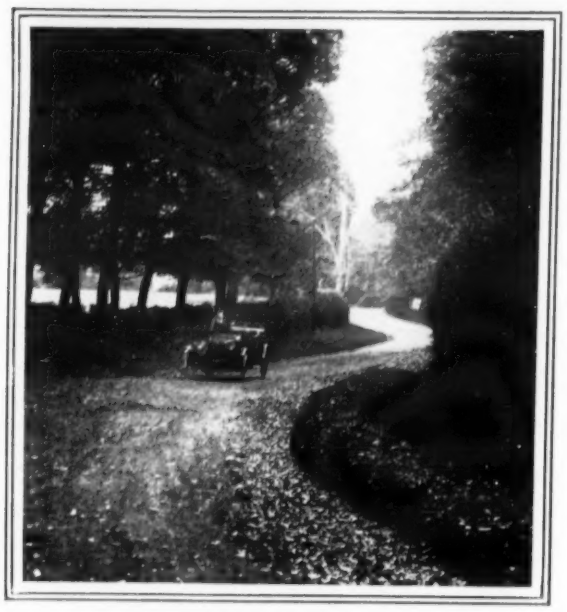
For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/ 2/6 & 4/6

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Sowing and Reaping. When the war first started, derelict cars were a frequent object on the roads in France and Belgium in certain districts, and especially on those roads leading to the seaports. Some of these cars in the mad rush to the coast were practically sound and in good running order, but had used up all their fuel, which could not be replaced. In fact, cars were sown upon the highways, and the query arises, Who has reaped them? No doubt the Germans got some, but there were many which were retrieved by the Belgians, French, and English. In this regard, two Lancias, each worth about £1000, were found by the roadside by two individuals who fortunately had spare petrol aboard their car. They put a couple of cantuls in each of the Lancia tanks and found that nothing else was amiss with them, so drove them down to the nearest military depôt, where they again filled up, and at the first opportunity drove them down to a port where they were shipped to England to await the arrival, after the war, of the finders.



A LIGHT CAR AS HANDY AS IT IS SMART: THE NEW 11·9-H.P. "SAXON" TWO-SEATER CAR.

A useful car for almost any kind of going, and one that is at the same time both good-looking and easy to look after, the Saxon two-seater shown above, while on a run near Virginia Water, is of a type that should commend itself widely.

Steel Crops. With so much steel being expended in shot and shell in Europe, it seems as if the country farmers and peasantry ought to be able to gather quite a considerable crop of this metal from the soil. No doubt all the parties concerned realise this, but, so far, one has not heard of any systematic gleaning of this new agricultural product from the land. I commend it to the International Munition Committee of the Allies. The motor trade would be glad of this scrap-iron, as no doubt the cost of producing cars will be greater, due in some measure to a shortage of metal. Berlin, and many other parts of Germany, no longer allow the private motorist to run his vehicle, so as to conserve tyres, petrol, oil, etc., for purely military uses. Here, so far, beyond lighting restrictions and a shortage of paid drivers, the motorist has felt little inconvenience from the war, for which he has to thank our Navy. Yet a word of warning is necessary if this freedom is to continue to the end of hostilities. Every penny spent upon petrol that is imported to this country means that three farthings has to be sent out of England to pay for it. This does not matter provided the cash goes to our own Colonial possessions, but is a serious matter if it does not. Therefore, motorists must not use their cars more than is absolutely necessary, or else they will help the country at large to become poorer, which will affect them individually in the long run.

A Motor Canteen. A lady motorist, who has been using her vehicle in connection with one of the military canteens, relates in the *Light Car* an excellent joke on her own sex. "One strange little man rushed in one day to me in a fearful hurry, slammed a penny on the counter for a cup of tea, and asked for it to be served as quickly as possible, as he had left Mary Ellen waiting for him by the bridge. On being asked why he had left her there instead of letting her come and wait at the canteen, he said she was large and could not get through the door very easily, and she would clear the counter of the buns and cakes. Visions of an enormously stout woman with a huge bun capacity passed through the minds of the canteen helpers until the Tommy explained that Mary Ellen was his horse." Visions of a big "bill" and loss of sales pass through my mind when I think of "Mary Ellen" Ford, who has not cleared so many counters lately, as the door has narrowed.

Grey Tubes. I noticed the other day that the Wood-Milne tyre people had discarded using red colouring matter for their inner tubes. I never quite understood why it was ever used—except, perhaps, for non-light-absorbing reasons—as the grey rubber should be the better. Wood-Milne tyres are steadily pushing ahead, and my Anglo-Indian friends will be pleased to learn that this firm have opened depôts of their wares at 70, Bentinck Street, Calcutta, and at 210, Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay, so as to "shoe" the wheels of that ever-growing multitude of cars on the Maidan. W. W.

SEEN AMID IDEAL NATURAL SURROUNDINGS: A "WOLSELEY" CAR ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN.

The Wolseley Motors, Ltd., are likely to more than maintain their high reputation with cars of the pattern seen in this photograph. It shows one of their newest models out for a spin on the banks of the Severn near Bewdley.

NOT MADE OF WIRE BUT THE PUREST BLACK BRISTLE

The Brush that really brushes.

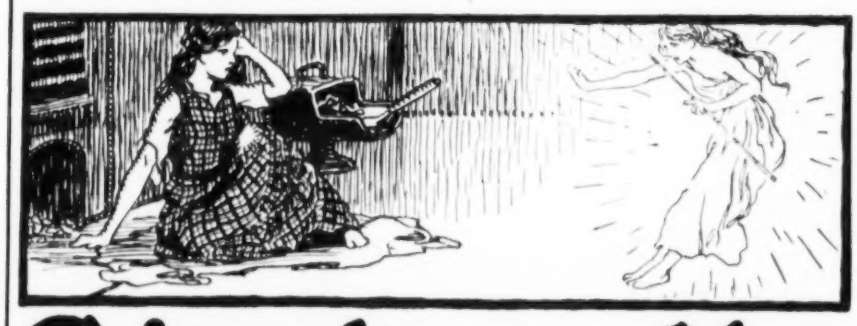
THE MASON PEARSON BRUSH is made of the best black wild boar bristles, scientifically set in clusters in a pneumatic rubber pad and will pass through your hair just as a comb does. You feel the bristles getting down to the scalp and thoroughly cleansing your hair of all dust. Experience proves that the Mason Pearson does its work more pleasantly and more effectively than any type of brush yet devised, and by stimulating the skin action improves the condition and appearance of the hair.

Made in two grades and sold by most high-class chemists, stores, and hairdressers—

"Standard" 7/6; Extra Stout Bristles 10/6

MASON PEARSON
London England

Beware of wire substitutes. The name Mason Pearson on the Brush guarantees the finest black wild boar bristles. The Mason Pearson Selling Agency, Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.



Cinderella

CINDER-ELLA slept and in her dreams a fairy sprite appeared. "Wake up, Cinder-ella!" she said, "I have touched your house with my golden wand and everything is changed. Henceforth there shall be no coals to spoil your pretty hands or tire your rounded arms. Fires shall always be clean and tidy, always ready to be turned up or down at will. There is hot water everywhere in the house and beautiful restful light in every room. To cook the dinner there is a wonderful cooking Gas Stove with bright kettles and clean saucepans, each in its place; you may turn the heat up or down as you wish. Do you hear, Cinder-ella? No more coals or dirt, no more scuttles or fireirons, no more grates to clean, no fires to lay or mind. Wake up, Cinder-ella! I have touched your house with my golden wand and everything is changed."

Cinder-ella rubbed her drowsy eyes: "Who are you?" she said, wonderingly.

"I? I am the modern godmother, my dear, the spirit of Heat, Cleanliness and Light and men call me—Gas!"

For particulars of Gas Lighting, Heating and Hot Water Supply write to The British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

Hours of leisure between hours of action are those when a choice tobacco can give the greatest satisfaction. No more preparation is needed for complete enjoyment than the mere filling one's pipe with 'Three Nuns' tobacco and lighting it.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER 8d. OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

MEDIUM, 4d. for 10

TWO TYRES

for the price of one and a third.

If the casing is in perfect condition, your retreaded grooved cover should, on the average, wear almost as long as the tread upon a new cover. It depends upon how you treat your tyres in the first instance.

Dunlop casing is specially made to stand retreading. Why not take advantage of this fact? But be sure and send the cover to

DUNLOPS

The **FRENCH** Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B. The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

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Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the World.

Wholesale Agents: Ingram & Royle, Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E., and at Liverpool and Bristol.

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THE CAR WHICH COMMANDS RESPECT.

The Daimler Company, Limited, Coventry.

London Showrooms: 27, PALL MALL, S.W.
Hire Dept.: Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.
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Try a

COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

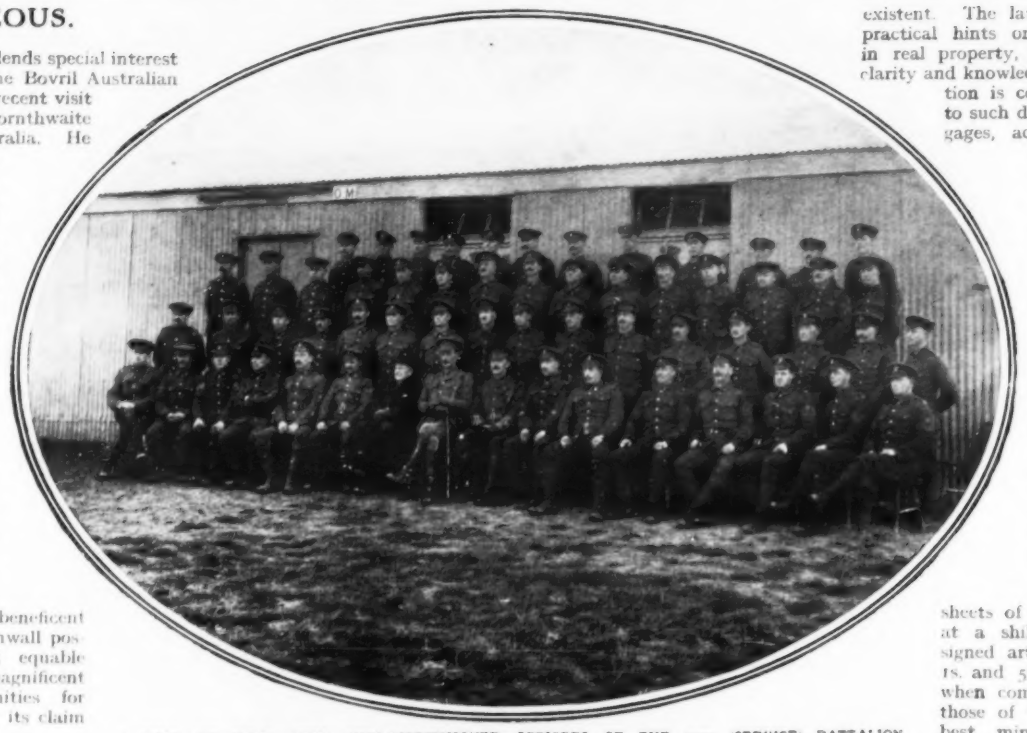
Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE heroism of the "Anzacs" lends special interest to the remarks made at the Bovril Australian Estates meeting, referring to his recent visit to the Commonwealth, by Sir Cornthwaite Rason, ex-Premier of West Australia. He said: "My trek across Northern Australia occupied twenty-one days, travelling from daylight to dark, and for the greater part of that time I was journeying within the boundaries of the Bovril Australian estates. I passed through many mobs of cattle that make up the company's herd, the total of which now numbers nearly 150,000 head . . . destined for British consumption, mainly in the form of Bovril." Bovril grows in popularity every day.

Many people, especially those who are not strong, are wondering where they can go to escape the damp and cold which prevail in most parts of the kingdom at this season of the year. The problem can be pleasantly and wisely solved by a visit to the Cornish Riviera. Enjoying the beneficent warmth of the Gulf Stream, Cornwall possesses a wonderfully mild and equable climate. Added to this, the magnificent scenery and unrivalled opportunities for healthful recreation amply justify its claim to be the English Riviera.

The legal mind and the lay mind do not always see eye to eye, but in that useful book, "Notes on Property Law," by S. Ford (published by Eveleigh Nash, King Street, W.C., at one shilling), this difficulty is non-existent. The law of property is combined with practical hints on house-hunting and investments in real property, and the whole is explained with clarity and knowledge. A host of valuable information is conveyed in plain terms, and refers to such details as agreements, repairs, mortgages, actions, the effect of the war on property, etc., and the author, who is a barrister with previous experience as an architect and surveyor, writes of them with authority. It is a book which should be in the hands of everyone interested in property, whether as owner or occupier.



A CALL TO N.E.R. MEN: NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 17TH (SERVICE) BATTALION, NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS (NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY PIONEERS).

A striking appeal for recruits is issued on behalf of the Colonel of the 17th (Service) Battalion (North-Eastern Railway Pioneers) of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the famous "Fighting Fifth." The battalion in question is formed entirely of North-Eastern Railway Employés. Now a 3and Reserve Battalion is being formed, and the appeal referred to is issued to the N.E.R. Staff with the object of filling that battalion also with N.E.R. men. The battalions are the only ones of their kind, and say much for the patriotism of directors, managers and men.

We have received from Messrs. Fawcett and Co., 125, Strand, the sheets of stamp-portraits in colour of Heroes and Notabilities of the War, forming a portrait history, issued on behalf of the Lord Roberts Memorial Fund to establish workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, than which there could be no nobler or more worthy object for popular support. The series includes 144 stamps in all, issued in sheets of twelve, gummed and perforated, at a shilling each sheet. Specially designed artistic albums at prices between 1s. and 5s. are ready to mount the series when complete. Among the portraits are those of the Prince of Wales (one of the best miniatures ever issued), Princess Patricia, Sir Ian Hamilton, the famous General Foch, and Sir Edward Grey. Messrs. Fawcett have already remitted over £1500 to the Treasurer of the admirable Fund referred to, at 122, Brompton Road, London.

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The
South Coast
Watering Places
WITH THEIR ADJACENT
MAGNIFICENT DOWNS
OFFER AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CONTINENTAL WINTER RESORTS AND PROVIDE ENTERTAINMENTS SUITED TO ALL TASTES.
Revitalising air, bright skies, and highest winter sunshine records.

WEEK-DAY TRAINS TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORTHING — To Brighton from Victoria 9.0, 10.5, 10.45, 11.0, 11.20, 11.30, 12.0, 12.15, 1.55, 2.10, 3.45, 4.10, 5.15, 5.25, 5.35, 5.45, 6.15, 6.25, 6.35, 6.45 p.m., 10.5 mdnt.; from London Bridge 9.7, 9.35, 10.15, 10.37, 4.16, 4.50 (Sats.), 5.0, 5.25, 5.35, 5.55, 7.20, 8.15, 10.30 p.m.

LEWES SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS — Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.10, 11.55 a.m., 1.0, 2.55, 4.20, 5.0, *5.40 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, 9.5, 10.0†. London Bridge 9.0, 11.50, 4.20, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 5.55, *6.40 (not Sats.), 6.49 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.20, 9.0, 11 p.m. ‡ Not to Seaford. ‡ To Lewes, Seaford and Eastbourne only. † To Lewes and Eastbourne only.

LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT — Trains leave Victoria ‖9.5, 10.25, 11.30, 1.0, 2.55, 4.25, 5.25, ‖6.0, 10.0 p.m. London Bridge 10.25, 11.30, 4.0, 5.0, 5.45, 6.15, ‖6.30 p.m. * Not to Isle of Wight. ‖ Not to Hayling Island.

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Why not send him a Wristlet Watch for Christmas?

But it must be a good watch, a wristlet made by the world's most famous watchmakers, the Waltham Watch Co.

Thousands of these fine watches are "doing their bit" in France and the Dardanelles.

Strong, neat, durable, and thoroughly reliable, just the watch a soldier needs. Send him one to-day.

Waltham Watches

Of all reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.

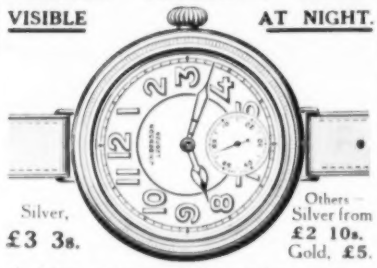
WALTHAM WRISTLETS IN SILVER CASES.

For Gentlemen.		For Ladies.	
Maximus	£11 15 0	Maximus	£11 11 0
Riverside	9 0 0	Riverside	9 5 0
Lady	8 5 0	Ruby	8 5 0
Waltham	5 5 0	Sapphire	8 11 0

ALSO IN GOLD AND ROLLED GOLD CASES. LUMINOUS DIALS EXTRA.

FREE SEND TO-DAY FOR WALTHAM WRISTLET WATCH PAMPHLET.
WALTHAM WATCH CO. (Dept. 73).
135, High Holborn, London, W.C.

THE OLD PRICES.
J. W. BENSON'S
Luminous "Active Service" Watch.
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.



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Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Silver SCREW Case, Dust and Damp Proof.

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Artistically modelled of any Regiment.

Fine Gold and Enamel Brooch or Pendant. £3 10s. each.

Other Naval or Military Badges in Gold and Enamel, from £2 5s. upwards.

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and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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45/- NOTHING SO SUITABLE AS 45/-
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES
IN 15-ct. GOLD AND ENAMEL. FINEST WORKMANSHIP.
SPINK & SON, LTD.,
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SONGS WITH MUSIC From Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses.' Charmingly illustrated in Colour.
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RELIEF FOR ALL.
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
Why not try these TROCHES for your tiresome cough? They are the old-fashioned remedy for the alleviation of COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA. They contain no opiate, and are much appreciated by Singers and Public Speakers.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Do not let Grey Hairs appear.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.
IS NOT A DYE.
Sold Everywhere.

The Safe & Sure Treatment
for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the
GANESH.
The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to Natural Beauty.
Red, Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.
ADVICE FREE.
Write for Free Booklet.

GANESH EASTERN OIL will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any other preparation ever invented. From 5/6

ELECTROLYSIS permanently removes superfluous Hair. "ELEKA" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call.

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The "ADAPTA" Bed-Table
A MODERN COMFORT.

Can be instantly raised, lowered, or inclined. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. By pressing a button the top can be adjusted to various inclinations. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed-Rest, Card Table, &c. British-made.

No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top £1 10 0
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Carriage paid in Great Britain. Write for Booklet 47
J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,
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HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The standard remedy for over 40 years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

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that are always appreciated

A very handsome three-quarter length Coat of Seal Musquash, cut with the fashionable Full Skirt and long Roll Collar, lined coloured Chine Satin. **£27 0 0**

A pretty Ermine Tie for a young lady. A very effective model made from perfectly matched fine quality skins. Price **£15 0 0**

Square Muff in newest style to match, price £12 10 0

Attractive Coat in Musquash, dyed and worked to resemble Sable. Made of good reliable skins in three-quarter length, and lined rich coloured Satin. Price **£35 0 0**

A smart Coat, of fine quality Black dyed Pony-skin, in quite the newest shape. Length at back 40 inches. Trimmed with Skunk and lined rich Satin. **£18 0 0**

AT this season of the year no gift could be more acceptable than a set of lovely Furs, or one of the luxurious Wraps that are now being offered at specially reduced war prices by the International Fur Store. These garments, which are made from the finest furs the world produces, are designed on the latest fashionable lines, and cut and finished in the best manner possible by our own staff of expert Furriers.

A new Booklet just published entitled ***"War-time Furs at War-time Prices,"*** *will be sent Free on application.*

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A very comfortable and useful three-quarter length Coat of Natural Musquash, cut in latest style, and lined Satin. A most useful garment suitable for Motoring. **£19 0 0**

The Postmaster General prohibits posting Glass Bottles to the Front/.

NO USE FOR SELF-FILLING PENS

Extract from the Letter of the Secretary of the G.P.O., London.

"I AM directed by the Postmaster-General to inform you that glass bottles are prohibited from transmission by post to the B.E.F."

The ONLY INK a Soldier can use

'SWAN' INK TABLETS NO FILLER NEEDED

WHEN purchasing a pen for a soldier, consider how he can replenish the ink supply. The Postmaster-General having prohibited glass bottles, the soldier must use ink in tablet form. He cannot have ink in bottles, so a "self-filling" pen is no use. The "SWAN" Pen has no works to get in the way or to get out of order. It is the practical pen for the Front—always ready—ever dependable

Send your soldier the 'SWAN' Fountpen with a Nickel Tube of 'SWAN' Ink Tablets (6d. & 1/-)

Thus you will give him the Pen he wants and the Ink he needs.

Standard 'SWANS' from 10/6 Safety 'SWANS' from 12/6

Sold by all High class Stationers

CATALOGUE FREE

THIS illustrates how simply a soldier can replenish his 'SWAN' Fountpen.

All he has to do is to fill his pen with water from his bottle, and drop a 'Swan' Ink Tablet in. The tablet dissolves quickly and makes perfect writing ink.

"Swan" Ink Tablets are supplied in a metal tube. Each tablet is equal to a penful of ink. A penful of ink writes about a dozen average letters. The 6d. tube contains 40 tablets, and the 1/- tube holds about three times this number

"SWAN" INK TABLETS

SUPPLIED FOR 'SWAN' FOUNTPENS

MABIE, TODD & CO., L. D., 79-80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C

38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.